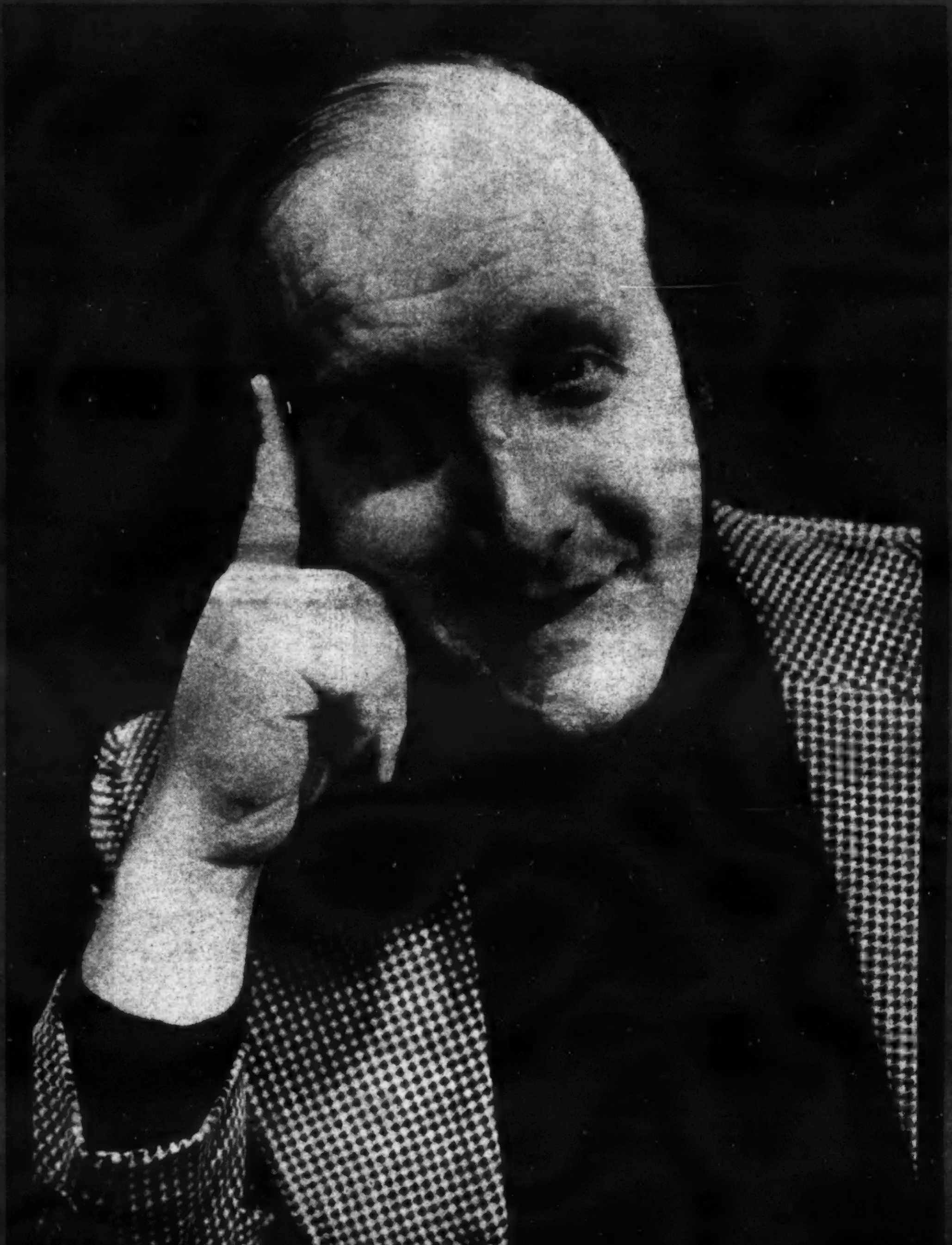
SPECIAL NEW ARTISTS ISSUE!

MUSIC

Why Is This Man Smiling?

(See page 4)



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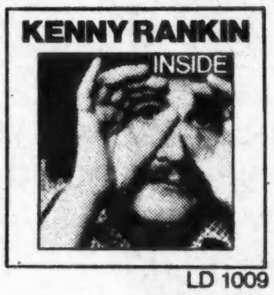
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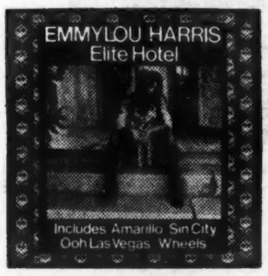
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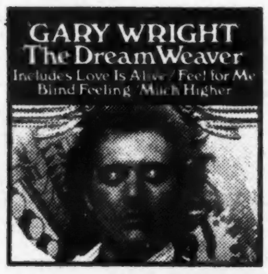
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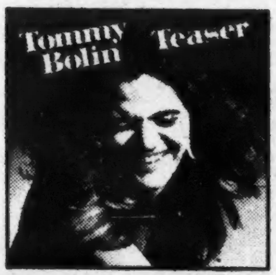
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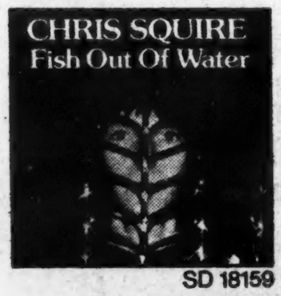
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A Tube in concert: love is strange

Duane LeMay

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We're apt to overlook new artists who are neither the recipients of record-company hype nor wide critical acclaim. Writers tend to go where the big story is, and if an unproved act is merely interesting or promising, but not impossible to ignore, we relegate him, her or them to the "wait till the next album" category. Eventually, one develops a glut of such artists — and if you're in the habit of keeping such albums in a pile, you eventually find it two feet high and listing to starboard.

Record companies are constantly complaining about the difficulty in breaking new artists. AM radio plays too few singles, and not enough people listen to FM (or they listen to FM stations whose playlists are also too constricted). And, of course, the record companies feel that the print media ignore new artists. However, given the bulk of most companies' output, ignorance, for the critic, is bliss. It *is* true, though, that a passel of good new performers and groups are lost every year amidst the deluge.

So we offer this supplement as a corrective of sorts. Some of the artists discussed have been covered in the *Phoenix*'s regular music section; most have not. Some are not really new at all — they may be veteran performers who have made their first album or foreign performers who have just crossed over to our shores. Some are local performers who deserve national attention — or any kind of attention at all.

We begin this issue with an interview with Clive Davis, because in building a record company, Arista, from the ground up, Davis has been in the forefront in signing new artists. Then Ken Emerson squeezes the Tubes, rock's equivalent of the Idiot Box; Gerrit Graham selects the best of the new pop; Joe McEwen does the same for soul, and Bob Blumenthal for jazz. And we've devoted two full pages to Boston's much-neglected music scene, picking the cream of the local crop. So if there's anything or anyone we neglected to mention, we probably had a good reason.

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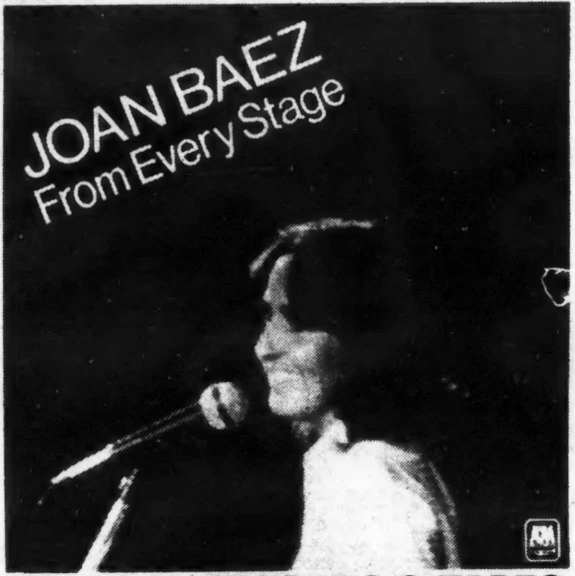

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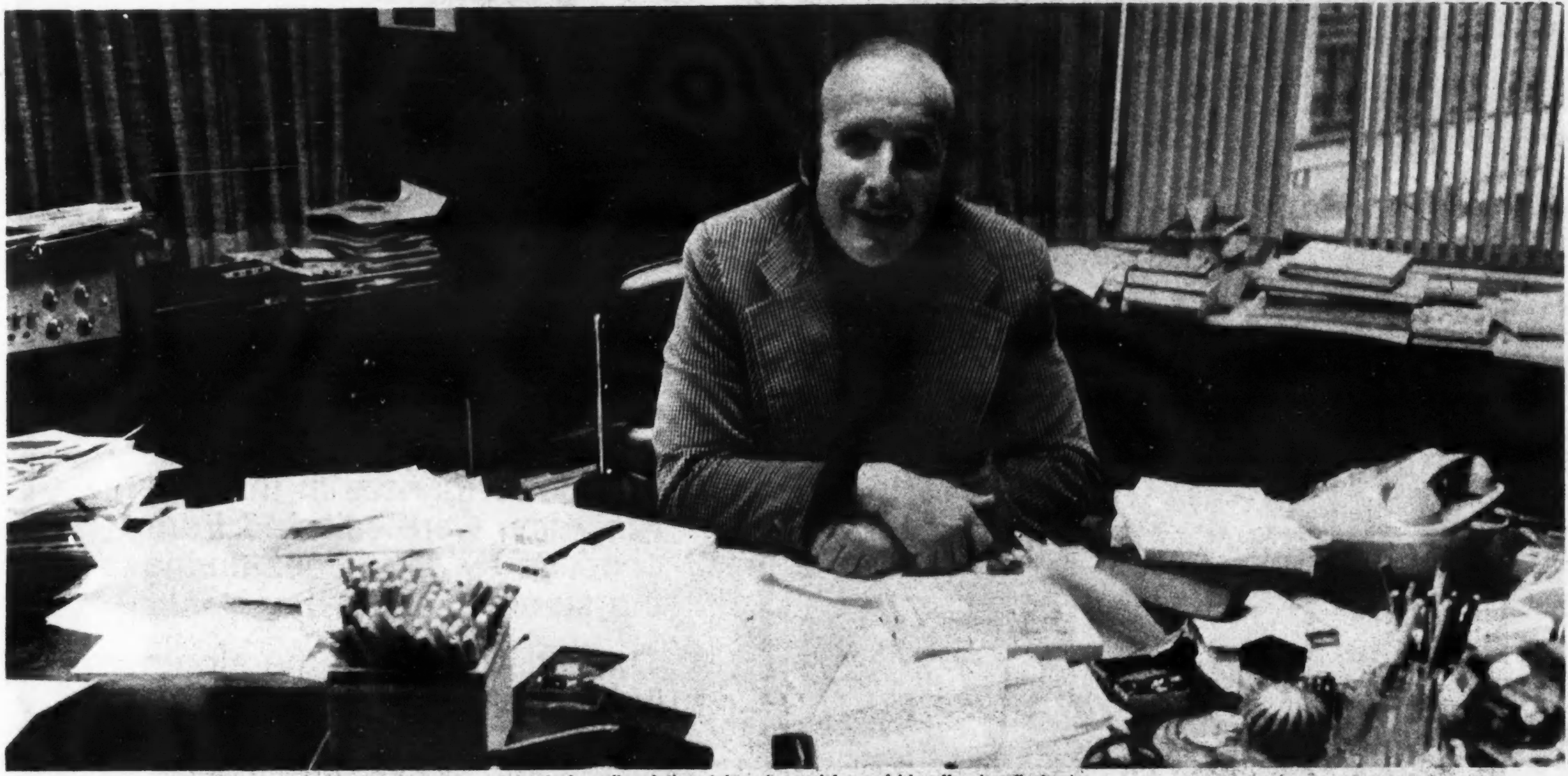
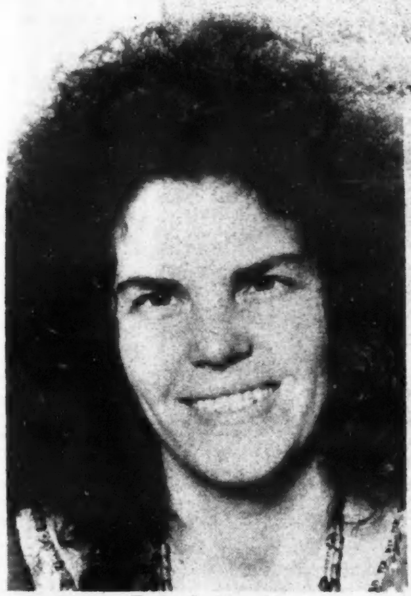
CLIVE DAVIS: STOKING THE STAR-MAKER MACHINERY...AGAIN

A conversation with Arista's brightest star



Lois Greenfield

Arista's founding father (above)—and four of his offspring (below)



Terry Garthwaite

Jerry Berndt

Patti Smith

Eric Carmen

Melissa Manchester

By Peter Herbst

When CBS relieved Clive Davis, under cloudy circumstances, of his duties as president of the CBS records group, few expected him to resume quickly his position as one of popular music's prime movers. In 1975, though, just two years later, he began Arista records, an outgrowth of the Columbia Pictures-owned Bell Records. Davis signed artists like Patti Smith, ex-Raspberry Eric Carmen, Eric Andersen, Terry Garthwaite, Joel Zoss and Loudon Wainwright, plus Gil Scott-Heron and jazz artists like the Brecker Brothers, Urszula Dudziak and the widely heralded Anthony Braxton. He began also the avante-garde *Arista-Freedom jazz series and recently acquired the legendary Savoy label, which includes much of Charlie Parker's output.*

Within a year, Arista became one of the leading record companies in the United States. Billboard, *the trade publication, placed Arista in sixth position in terms of gold singles (three) and gold albums (six) generated. Much of Davis's initial success, it should be noted, was due to The Bay City Rollers, Barry Manilow and Melissa Manchester, the three artists Davis retained from the Bell roster; none of the three acts, however, had appreciable success in this country before their affiliation with Arista. It seems, indeed, that Clive Davis's extremely personal brand of management — he signs all Arista artists and meticulously guides their careers — is precisely the kind of approach needed in the fragmented recording world of the '70s.*

A court case related to his dismissal from Columbia still hangs over his head, yet when I spoke to him at his office in midtown Manhattan, Davis, tanned from a recent vacation, seemed at ease, healthy and completely assured.

Boston Phoenix: How did you begin on the path to Arista? Did Columbia Pictures [owner of Arista's predecessor, Bell] hire you as a consultant?

Clive Davis: No, not really. I was contemplating various offers I had gotten, all of which involved my own company and a joint venture with somebody else — whether it was Chris Blackwell of Island Records or [Robert] Stigwood with RSO. We would form our own company. In order not to start from scratch we would have some momentum going with some existing artists. So Columbia Pictures' proposition was that we would start our own company — Arista is *not* an outgrowth of Bell. It would be a brand new company whereby they would be the majority stockholder and I would be the minority stockholder. And they would contribute what they had had as part of their previous record operation, which was Bell Records. Well, since I didn't want to come in as president of Bell — because that was not the nature of what I wanted my company to be — I came in initially only as a consultant to appraise their artist roster, to appraise the people who worked for them, their executives, in order to see what I would be interested in taking to start a new company. So as it turned out, I would do that for a six-month period of time, in order to give every artist a chance to audition and give every executive a chance to show what he could do. I kept only three artists: Melissa and Barry — neither of whom were significant artists at the time — and the Bay City Rollers, who were making some noises in England but not here. So when we formed Arista a year ago, I kept really only about three or four executives from the previous operation and three new artists. If I had made a deal with Island, I would have started with Traffic or Jim Capaldi, whatever artist they had. Similarly here, I started Arista with a few artists contributed to us and from there began hiring executives. One of the fortunate things is that I think — because of what people felt to be the potential of the new company — they were very attracted to work in a new company that they felt could perhaps be quite uniquely able to participate against the larger companies, almost from scratch, perhaps based on [my] track record. So I just got flooded with letters and inquiries and applications for employment. And, of course, I knew a lot of people in various companies and began hiring what I con-

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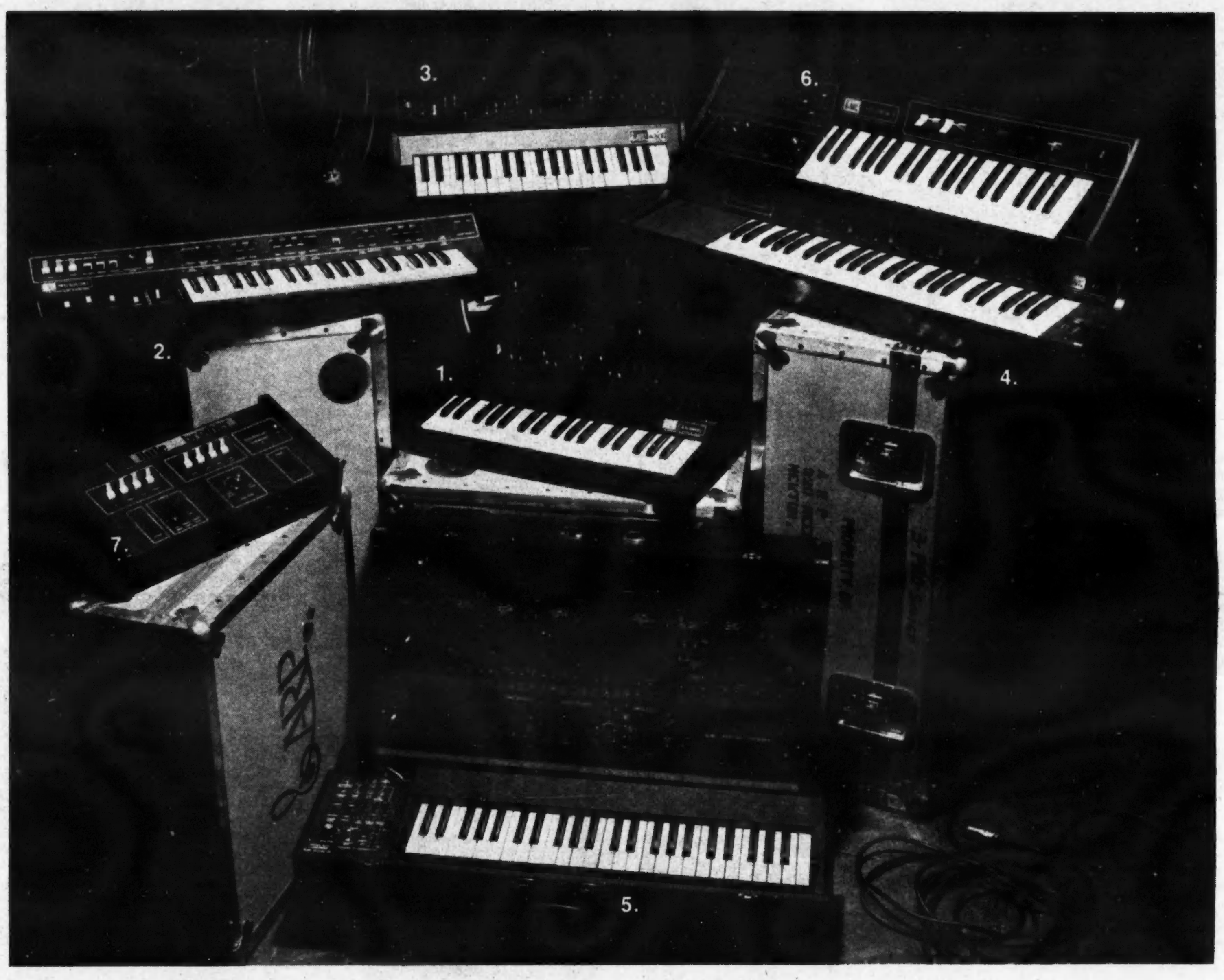

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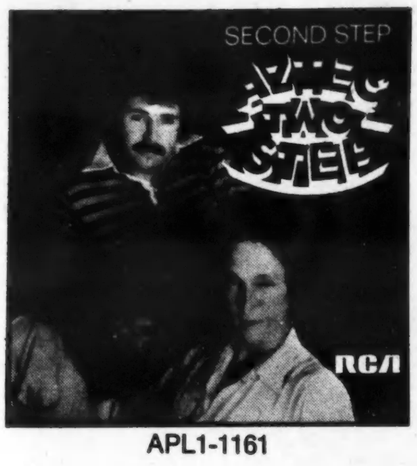

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DAVIS

Continued from page 4

sidered to be the best people, devoted people, music freaks and aware and empathetic people to work here — Bob Fieden, whom I had known was a very aware guy in A&R, Mike Klenfner, who had been in Columbia FM promotion, and Bob Heimall, who had won so many awards at Elektra. I'd try to fill each position with the best person that I could.

For artists, I had the same standards, whether new artists or established artists, that I ever had. I always treated Columbia as though it was a small company operating very entrepreneurially, and would go out to clubs and lofts and try to discover artists or see artists and operate with speed, as you would with a small company. Here, having the standards of a large company, so to speak, and operating from a small company, I just reversed the process and dealt the same way. I'm very album-oriented, and I'm conscious of singles and the importance of it. So I took Barry and I worked with him, and I found "Mandy" and "I Write The Songs." I felt that he's very talented and could produce himself and needed some outside material to complement the good things that he was writing. In Melissa's case, I worked with her and Richard Perry and Vinny Poncia. Vinny was primarily the producer and Richard was executive producer. That change of producers helped to result in her growth now. In the case of a new artist, whether it be an Outlaws or a Patti Smith, it's a matter of going to a place like Macon, Georgia — I hesitated, I hesitated for a long time but could not find a rock group that met my own beliefs, expectations, standards. So I didn't sign a rock group until the Outlaws. Outlaws auditioned for me in a rehearsal studio about nine months ago. I heard about Patti through Lou Reed. He played "Piss Factory" and "Hey Joe" for me. I was intrigued, but she was doing a lot of poetry reading then and did not arrange for a live audition until spring. She just had a stunning impact on me, so I signed her on the spot there.

BP: Did you have any questions about her commercial viability?

CD: I've always taken the feeling that with the artists I've been associated with, if I feel they're really unique, commercial viability seems to follow. We don't try to worry about that in front. I mean, I have not just signed artists who have had hit singles. Obviously in working with the Mahavishnu Orchestra or signing Pink Floyd or Herbie Hancock, which I did at Columbia, I never thought about that concept. You try to spot certain trends. In Patti Smith's case, it's pure uniqueness. She's not part of any trend. She's a leader. In her case it was an overpowering use of music and spoken word in a highly original form, which at the least would have to have a cult, a limited following. And yet I do have enough belief that where you get something of quality, although most people feel it would just attract a cult, a much larger audience will follow.

I signed Springsteen. He came to knock on John Hammond's door and John Hammond saw him — John was a talent scout, so he could not sign artists there — and he auditioned Bruce. He was not ready as a performer, but it was not a question of whether or when. But as soon as he was signed I spent two years going around the country with Bruce, feeling that there would be an audience. Sometimes you don't know how big an artist can be. You can't say on day one that you're signing someone who can have a large following, because when you sign people, they *are* youthful and inexperienced or have never recorded before. A lot depends upon how they grow after you sign them. Bruce grew musically. I didn't know how E Street Band would be, or how wonderfully well the group would complement him. I just knew that lyrically he was overpowering in his images. And that he was writing in an interesting musical format to accompany the lyrcis, and it was very unique. It had a strong impact on me, and anyone who floors me gets signed. I worry later. I've been fortunate in that enything that's knocked me out strongly has usually gone on.

Patti Smith had that kind of stunning impact. Artists create trends, executives don't. There is a certain similarity in use of spoken word and the reliance on lyrics by several artists that we do have. One is Gil Scott-Heron. You can say, "How big will his audience be?" On the other hand I

Continued on page 34

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Hot Shots: Kansas

Thumbing through the Iowa Corn Belt one summer, I got a ride from a kid who wanted to know, of all things, what the new King Crimson album was like. Which goes to prove that there are Europhiles in the heartland of America, although they're few and far between. Take the group Kansas, for example.

Here's the story: a bunch of Anglo-progressive fans from the Sunflower State decided to team up and make their presence known. By God, they were gonna be different from anything currently available in the States. They model their most ambitious material after their favorites — Genesis, Yes, ELP and Crimson, as well as the strain of Italian bands (PFM, Acqua Fragile, Banco *et al*) who crib from the same people. In fact, they've absorbed more of the operatic grandeur of the pizza rockers than they have the subtleties of the originals, but more on that in a minute.

The prime mover of the outfit seems to be a skinny, white-haired geezer named Kerry Livgren. On the one hand, he is the senior partner in the Wishbone Ash-style guitar duo that the band deploys on the uptempo numbers (usually not too unlike standard American guitar rave-ups, but more precise). On the other hand, he can sit down at a stack of electronic keyboards and produce pseudo-classical themes and pseudo-philosophical lyrics that can be just as pompous as any by Rick Wakeman or Keith Emerson. Livgren's the one that saddles his songs with titles like "Incomudro — Hymn to the Atman." Every alternative philosophy seems to be his province; though he has yet to write a 12-volume concept album on the zodiac, I've no doubt that he could — and make it work.

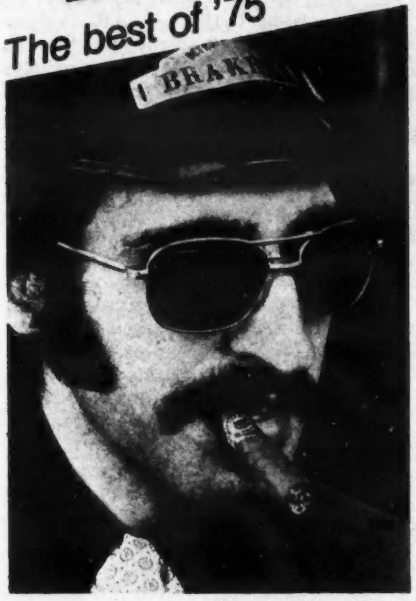
Because I think *this* is what Kansas are going to be known for. America has been dying for an indigenous mysticism, a home-grown Moody Blues. Kansas have all the trappings: their Italianate pretensions, their massive orchestral chord attack, their propensity for addressing audiences with lines like: "Here's a song about Zen Buddhism, something you're into whether you know it or not." They expand the horizons of the average listener, but not dangerously so, and they can charge up your karma at the same time. And they're catching on: why just the other day, I got a lift from a kid with an eight-track tape of *Masque* (Kansas's newest) in his car.

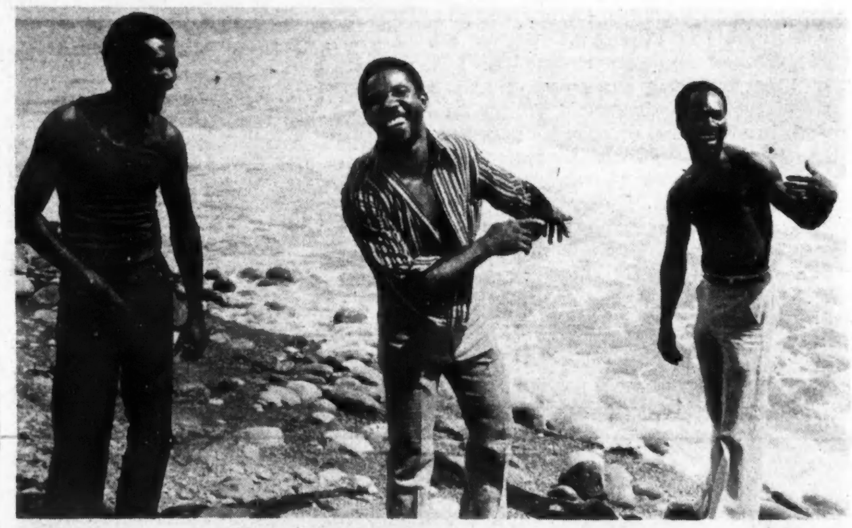
—Michael Bloom

Faces worth watching (clockwise from far left): Leon Redbone, Emmylou Harris, Peter Wingfield, Toots and the Maytals, Roger Chapman of the Streetwalkers, The Chieftains, Starry Eyed and Laughing, and Artful Dodger

TOP POP

The best of '75





STARRY EYED AND LAUGHING

By Gerrit Graham

Between the gassy apotheoses of Springsteen, Smith and The Tubes, and the faceless legion of new disco groups sprung fully grown and kung-fu-fighting-the-power from the brow of Terpsichore, there were a number of artists who made significant debuts in 1975, albeit without the benefit of platinum LPs and jillion-dollar ad campaigns. While everyone from the hoary Cumaeans of *Rolling Stone* to the sex-objects at *Cosmo* fouled their trousers over this, that or the other preplanned phenomenon, groups like Orleans, Starry Eyed And Laughing, The Chieftains, Streetwalkers, and solo artists Leon Redbone and Pete Wingfield managed to dent the scene not by weight of hype or degree of decadence, but by reason of musical excellence and originality. Herewith an appreciation of these artists and some other engaging rookies, an arbitrary and utterly subjective list that's not meant to represent The Ten Best, Most, Least, Biggest or Baddest Anything.

Flying in the face of that feeble proviso, I'll declare Toots & The Maytals' *Funky Kingston* (Island) the most propitious bow of the year. I'm past proselytizing for reggae, but if any record can open the US market to the Jamaicans, this is it. A number of reggae fans have insisted that The Maytals are a reggae Beatles to The Wailers' Stones, in a well-meant attempt to lionize them both. That may be true in terms of heathen sexuality and debilitating habits; musically it's the other way around, if anything. But it's an odious comparison. Toots needs no *apologia* — he has a glorious voice, superior to Bob Marley's by conventional criteria, and full of a numinously happy ardor that is immediately attractive in a way that Marley's adjurations are not. *Funky Kingston*, as the album jacket fails to point out, is a "greatest hits" collection, and an excellent introduction to Toots' compelling pipes and reggae in general. Though the songs tend toward riffs and rave-ups, the music is never the machine-turned monotony purveyed by lesser reggae bands. Toots and Marley are reggae royalty, and Island Records is building a reggae trust around them. Besides a fourth LP from The Wailers and a second *This Is Reggae Music* sampler, they will release early this year the mainland debuts of The Heptones and Burning Spear; the latter, they tell me, are Rastas perfervid enough to make The Wailers seem like a TM club.

Toots may have invented reggae, but without the music of The Chieftains there would be no reggae, and no Toots either. Irish folk music is of the old-world succession that produced American old-time country, eventually leading to C&W and rockabilly, and ultimately to rock 'n' roll. The commingling of this line with African-based blues is responsible for this nation's music, including Aaron Copland. *The Chieftains 5* (Island) is a wonderful record of giddy dance tunes and tristful airs, with ageless and stirring appeal. It's the only one of theirs that's out here; *1* through *4* and a set of pennywhistle duets by Sean Potts and Paddy Moloney of the band are on Ireland's Claddagh Records (Island will release some of all on the budget Antilles label). Stanley Kubrick, who knows a gift horse when it bites him, got them to do the music for the early hours of *Barry Lyndon*, and their love theme for the movie is haunting beyond belief. It appears on the Warner Bros. soundtrack, where it's in distinct and lively contrast to

Continued on page 8

V 5 5 SUP FEB 3 76 UM

POP

Continued from page 7

all those funereal Baroque jams. See the band live, if you can, when they tour next year. They bring to the performance all the fatal charms of the Irish personality — wit, loquacity, a dangerous gift for bullshit, and what must surely be livers the size and consistency of cantaloupes.

Since the turn of the decade efforts have been made, off and on, to cash in on what is probably an imagined nostalgia for the pre-*Pepper* Beatles, The Zombies, the Rascals, Manfred Mann, early Kinks, Who, Hollies, and Byrds, the bands that put out the best Sixties rock: tuneful, optimistic and raw. Nobody came closer to the commercial jackpot than The Raspberries, who just couldn't fulfill the promise of their singles; some — Big Star and the excellent Blue Ash, for instance — never caught a glimpse of success. Last year's likeliest contenders were Starry Eyed And Laughing and Artful Dodger, the one a group of Englishmen striving mightily to sound American, and the other Americans bent on exactly the opposite. As I said of SE&L in an earlier review, conscientious restoration of '60s rock is too reactionary to be very rewarding. But SE&L's *Thought Talk* (Columbia) and *Artful Dodger* (Columbia) have enough else going on to beat that boggle. Both offer the same sort of material: straightforward rockers marching up and down between the fourth and fifth intervals. SE&L have in addition a rather extreme fixation on The Byrds; their regeneration of that driving, lyrical sound is uncanny and endlessly fascinating. By capturing the spirit along with the surface of their idols, they avoid refining the music to a technical standstill. The rest of their repertoire is almost as captivating, and despite a desire to sound as though they come from Indiana, they give the vocals and musicianship the glint of grad-A British pop.

Certain pretensions to the contrary notwithstanding, Artful Dodger are unmistakable natives. Their sound intersects SE&L at several points, and they frequently have more of a British strut than a Stateside lope, but the vocals and tracks have a rougher, tougher quality more suggestive of The Haight than of London. Several songs show a consciousness of Lou Reed, Mott and heavy metal. They also sing and play better than their forebears, and have the aid of superior production and electronics; though the inchoate quality of '60s rock, due perhaps to a hippie disdain for details, is part of its attraction, greater sophistication helps Dodger and SE&L supersede mere imitation musically. They invoke the past without living in it, and their records have the punch and snazz to make some noise.

Also in a revivalist's vein and surely the strangest debutant of the season, Leon Redbone emerged with much ballyhoo from his Hoover-era time capsule to bounce the rebop off his foggy larynx in boss Fats Waller/Jelly Roll Morton style. He managed to seduce enough fellow musicians with his quaint charms to record *On The Track* (Warner Bros.), a remarkably *echt* collection of oldies written by Waller, Irving Berlin, Jimmie Rodgers and others. Redbone's delivery is flawless and never contrived; he skillfully avoids being steamrollered by his own technique, occasionally at the expense of a little real feeling. But Redbone is kidding nobody, Fats and Jelly Roll least of all. His affection for the music and the style is obvious, and he never stoops to the appalling travesties perpetrated by glassy, grinning panders like The Manhattan Transfer. He is, in fact, not an interpreter of his material but a recreator, a revivifier. He is as genuine and authoritative as Ry Cooder, and in his curious way as beguiling as Dan Hicks, and apparently more simplehearted than either. The guy is lost in time, wreathed in smoke, sitting close to the piano in some long-gone Harlem nitery.

Pete Wingfield is another convincingly emulous *poseur*, a pasty-faced Briton who comes on as black as the "supersoul sureshot" he proclaims himself to be in "Eighteen With A Bullet," his entertaining single. His funky, impish falsetto permeates the Phillyoid R&B of *Breakfast Special* (Island), and it's those songs that are the album's main attractions; it works particularly well on the faster cuts.

Stephen Sherman

Hot Shots: Tom Waits

Tom Waits is so old he's new, at least to most of his growing number of fans. Waits, who wears self-consciously scruffy sport jackets and a whisk-broom goatee, writes songs that incorporate cool jazz piano licks or elemental acoustic guitar strumming with truck-stop sentimentality and the seamy imagery of 1950s beat literature.

After several years of scuffling, the Los Angeles native is beginning to make a name for himself as both a performer and writer. His club appearances are consistently sold out, and his material has been covered by the Eagles ("Ol' '55") and Bette Midler ("Shiver me Timbers").

There is a nocturnal ambience and unabashed romanticism in much of Waits's *oeuvre*. His songs celebrate greasy spoons, bus depots or the feeling of careening down the freeway toward Tijuana in a '57 Chevy. Waits's eye for detail and down-and-out sense of absurdist humor are unparalleled among contemporary lyricists:

Tight slack clad girls
on the graveyard shift
Beat the cement stroll
Catch the midnight drift
Cigar chewin' Charlies
In their newspaper nests
Grifting hot horse tips
on who's runnin' the best

—from "Drunk on the Moon"

He sings or declaims his lines in a voice that ranges somewhere between a croak and a bark, due to the four packs of cigarettes he smokes per day. At 26, Waits sounds like Edgar Buchanan.

Waits is a superb showman, slapping his thighs and snapping his fingers, then quickly moving the microphone close and away from him as he honks to depict cruising speed and car horns blaring past. He is also a storyteller of considerable charm and skill, reveling his audience between numbers with tales of pool hustling and philosophizing with waitresses.

Tom Waits could conceivably be the first "beatnik type" to make it big in pop culture since Maynard G. Krebs. And all Dobie Gillis's good buddy played was the radio.

—Jules Schwab

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The ballads are obese and overstudied, due mostly to the fault of the arrangements. Wingfield's writing maintains the facile and appealing standard of the single, and he has an easy homogeneity of style that admits of other influences than recent black pop — witty verbosity of the Gilbert O'Sullivan variety and '50s doo-wop among them. There's a calculatedly inane dance-craze item that's quite funny, and at one point Wingfield goes Redbone a decade or so better by working up an arch and slightly sarcastic English music-hall number, which happens to be closer to his roots than the ghetto soul he generally dispenses. Wingfield is intriguing; he obviously has the imagination to capitalize on his wry view of the music, provided his next record is as clever as this one.

Paul Kossoff, Roger Chapman, and Charlie Whitney are not newcomers: Chapman and Whitney were the heart and mind of Family, a long-lived, often brilliant, and now deceased English band not one of whose eight albums made so much as a ripple here; Kossoff, of course, is another Lazarus from the tomb of Free (literally — awhile back he was actually *dead* for half an hour or so, surely a nonesuch in the history of debauched popstar phenomena). But now Chapman and Whitny have put together a new band which owes little to Family except Chapman's ululating voice, which after all was *his* all along; and Kossoff has corralled the tag ends of "Rabbit" Bundrick's Sons Of The Jungle, pulled himself together, and is again stretching slippery, agile guitar lines like high-tension wires over the compact, thumping 4/4 of his band, Backstreet Crawler. If nothing else, *The Band Plays On* (Atco) is renewed proof that Paul Rodgers was not all of Free, a determination which couldn't be made from *Kossoff Kirke Tetsu Rabbit* and Kossoff's solo *Backstreet Crawler*, both dogs. This record isn't as auspicious as Bad Company's first, but it's a good showing, and it nicely frames Kossoff's searing guitar, always a rock 'n' roll thrill.

For all Family's ability, they were a weird outfit. Their music was an uneasy truce between art-rock and raunch; and though Chapman has one of the greatest voices in the biz, undiminished in power, subtlety and flexibility after ten years' hard service, at first listen it seems a freakish wail, graced with a vibrato that sounds as though thousands of tiny people are pounding on his chest with their little fists. But *Streetwalkers* (Mercury) is the most approachable record Charlie Whitney and he have ever made. Like Kossoff, they've named their band after an earlier solo LP, and are trying to insure a self-perpetuating band. The music is mostly single-minded white-boy funk of the sort you might expect from Jeff Beck, and the band includes one of Beck's ex-vocalists, Bob Tench, on rhythm guitar. He must feel a little stifled — Whitny is a superb guitarist, and Chapman instantly eclipses anyone else with the temerity to open his mouth. However, he doubtless exerts a bluesy, no-frills influence on the musical direction. Chapman/Whitney's writing remains a shrewd mixture of intelligence and crudity, leavened with a nice touch of humor ("We're lovers, fighters, possibly you/We're Downtown Flyers, modesty too"). If they can hang on to the spare, gritty intensity of their record, Streetwalkers should have the chance that Family never got.

Though among the four of them they haven't got the experience and track record of Chapman alone, John Hall and his mates in Orleans aren't neophytes either. Hall was very successful, in a second-hand fashion, long before Orleans were shown the dotted line. He produced Bonnie Raitt and has recorded with her and many others; he wrote Janis Joplin's "Half Moon" and scored a Broadway show. The others have diverse histories of employ with such people as Jackie Lomax and The Blues Magoos. It's a good bet that Orleans has been, more than anything, their pet project and, until lately, a largely private enterprise. There's an earlier album, of which not much came, and they garnered a bit of singles action abroad, but not until last year were they able to cut the mustard at home. Their enchanting "Dance With Me" was a well-deserved hit, and unlike several others of

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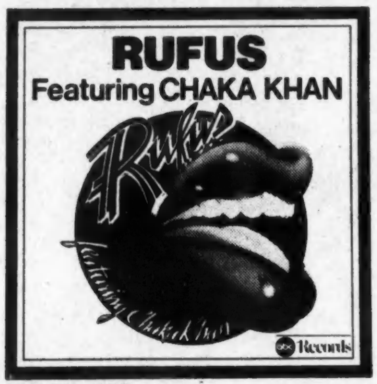

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POP

Continued from page 9

the year's impressive singles — Ace's "How Long" for instance — it's backed up with a longplayer of the same classy calibre, *Let There Be Music* (Asylum). The songs, mostly collaborations by Hall and wife Johanna, alternate between the deceptive delicacy of the single and invigorating funk, with bits of reggae and cracker blues worked in — all delivered with amiable elegance. Hall's shimmering guitar codas and the expressive group vocals sound fresh and new, though their expertise must be the result of endless hard work. They're ingenuous without being insipid, polished but not pedantic, and their future seems very bright.

The steady stream of *parvenu* country-rock solisti, duettisti and Frye-booted fivesomes has abated in the last couple of years. One of the fad's finer flowers, and certainly the best thing to happen to West Coast country since Gram Parsons left Cambridge, is Emmylou Harris. She was Parsons's protege; she takes pains to acknowledge her considerable debt to him, and invokes his shade in her music. But her talent is too self-possessed and assertive to be contained by a dead man's reputation. Her candescent soprano combines pain and heartache with a lickerish taste for the barroom dance-floor, and the duets with Herb Pederson are often the equals of her magnificent work with Parsons. Her brand new record, *Elite Hotel* (Reprise) is fine stuff, improving on an affecting but less assured debut, *Pieces Of The Sky*. The band, though not inspired, provide suitable settings for the delicious vocals. Unfortunately, Harris is becoming an in-crowd cynosure, embraced by the same torpid LA freaks who watched Parsons push himself off the deep end. She turns up more and more on other people's records, from Dylan on down; what a mistake if she were to dissipate her still fledgling skills in endless backup sessions, content with music usually inferior to her own.

Virgil instructs us to look with favor upon a bold beginning, but in the glutted music market the proof of the pudding doesn't begin to show up 'til the second or third helping. Where all these people will be a year from now should be more important to them, and to us, than even the best of first impressions.

Hot Shots: Aztec Two-Step

Nineteen seventy-two was a pretty good music year, giving us two remarkable debut albums: one by the now renowned Jackson Browne, the other by the still virtually unknown acoustic guitar duo Aztec Two-Step. The Two-Step album on Elektra was memorable not so much for its often interesting, existentialist-inspired lyrics (a blend of Kerouacian images of road and apocalypse and the group's personal thoughts on Love), but for the marvelous and occasionally intricate melodies on which they were hung. And with the smooth production of ex-Lovin' Spoonful member Jerry Yester (John Sebastian even played harmonica on one cut) and the solid guitar work by the group (Rex Fowler on rhythm and Neal Shulman on lead guitar), backed on several cuts by Doug Dillard on banjo and Yester himself on everything from piano to banjo to auto harp, *Aztec Two-Step* was a welcome antidote to that other, more popular guitar duo of '72, Seals and Crofts.

Fowler, who comes from Maine and is the principal composer of the group, had met Big Apple-bred Shulman in Boston the previous summer at the Stone-Phoenix coffeehouse. They liked each other's material, decided to combine talents and soon wound up playing places like the old Unicorn on Boylston Street. After the release of the album, Two-Step kicked around New England and New York State for three years, gigging at clubs like Passim and My Father's Place on Long Island and opening concerts in Ithaca and Providence for people like Randy Newman. During this period a small but intense following for the group arose, spurred by some decent FM play given to Fowler's brilliant "The Persecution and Restoration of Dean Moriarty," an uptempo, calypso-tinged song about Kerouac's friend Neal Cassady.

The long-awaited second Two-Step album finally came out last fall, and while the group's new label, RCA, describes the album, *Second Step*, as "the culmination of an emotional and physically draining period of hard work," the songs and production are painfully mediocre. Fowler and Shulman are now living in Greenwich Village, and many of the cuts on the album reflect the kind of wariness, pretension and superficiality which seems to be so identified with New York. For example, the simple-minded "Lullabye on New York," funny because it is undoubtedly an unconscious imitation of Loudon Wainwright, exults in the wide-openness of the city ("Well you can do what you want/No it's not like Vermont, in New York/But if you value your life/ Carry a gun and a knife and a fork"); an updating of the Humpty Dumpty fable concludes with these lines: "But after close inspection/I can't help but pose the question/ Maybe Humpty Dumpty jumped/Instead of fell/He'll never tell"; and the embarrassingly shallow "Cosmos Lady" begins, "You ask me if I fly/ I answer you with my eyes/Astral projection, cosmos connection/Beyond the skies."

Unfortunately, with *Second Step* one cannot look to the music to compensate for the thinness of the lyrics. And producer Paul Leka, who also handles the Harry Chapin albums, has managed to make matters worse (better?) by somehow mixing down the vocals and amplifying the rhythm.

Nevertheless, Fowler and Shulman are an engaging pair to watch onstage (they will be appearing at Passim this week, Feb. 5-8), and with one excellent and one mediocre album to their credit, one can only try to keep the faith and hope that the third step finds them on firmer ground. **—Andy Olstein**

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

For those of you who have heard them at the Inn Square Mens Bar, (and for those of you who should have) comes this debut LP. Kate began playing in New York as a single, and Anna joined her in 1974. Both sisters have enjoyed renown as songwriters, and with the exception of "Swinging Song" by Loudon Wainwright III (Kate's husband) all the songs are originals, including "Heart Like a Wheel," "Jigsaw Puzzle of Life," and "Complainte Pour Ste. Catherine." A strong reputation precedes them, and their first album is available now on Warner Bros. records and tapes.

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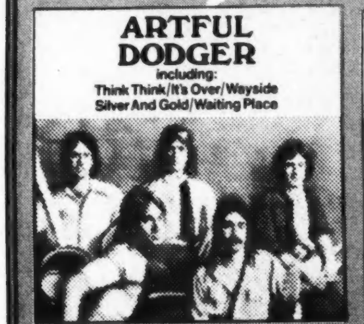
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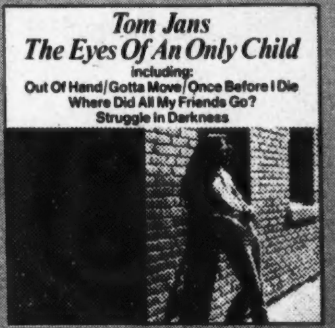
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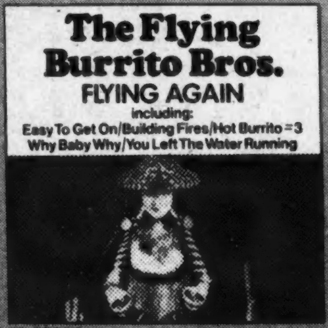
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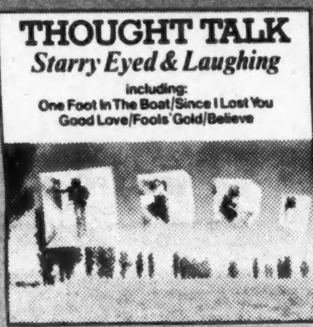
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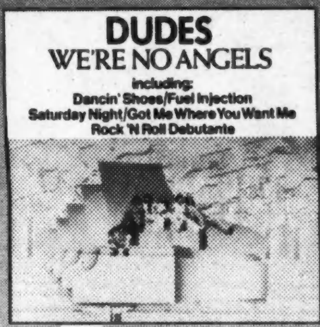
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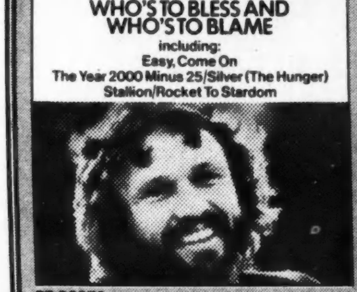
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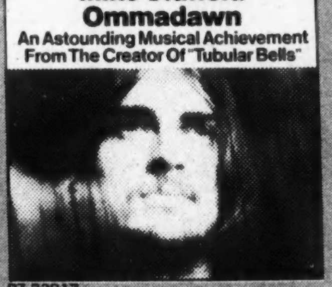
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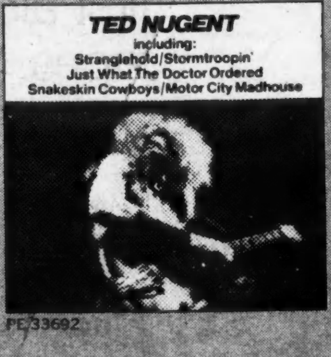
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THE FUTURE OF ALL THAT JAZZ

At home and abroad

By Bob Blumenthal

I've finally found it — something more unwieldy, more prone to omissions and ultimately more hedged with qualifications than a "best of the year" list. Any attempt to summarize the present musical prognosis through a new-star list guarantees frustration for the list-maker; after countless hours burrowing through albums, magazine articles and poll listings a feeling still lingers that something is missing. Add to this the problem of definition; the formulation of rules for determining eligibility for a given year's "best" list is child's play next to developing reasonable criteria for the terms "new" and "star." I'm sure my companions in this supplement had similar problems arriving at their choices, but as a writer whose territory is jazz I'm faced with special problems.

To begin with, the jazz world has a separate and time-honored process for developing talent. Most musicians first capture the public's attention as sidepeople (The sexual liberation of the term sideman is sadly more a matter of semantics than actual practice, but more of that later) in the working groups or on the recordings of already established performers. After sufficient exposure there, a record date or group of one's own might follow, though in many cases the ups and downs of the jazz business have as much to do with that as manifest talent. Pop music operates under a quite different set of rules, with groups or individual performers often plucked out of nowhere, signed to record contracts calling for substantial promotional commitment, then sent out on grand tours. The airplay and full-page ads which pop's new stars can sometimes take for granted are alien to the young jazz musician.

Boston brass: Claudio Roditi (left) and Stanton Davis

Jazz's different route to notoriety is also much slower. Rarely do we encounter the instant star appearing from nowhere to claim the record dates, club gigs and poll victories that are so scarce. More often, the "new" faces have actually been around for quite some time before moving off to develop more individualistic conceptions. The maturation process often takes years, and each musician grows at his or her own pace; when stardom is reached, the star is hardly "new." In recognition of this situation, *down beat* long ago changed the title of the New Star category in its Critics Poll to read Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition.

There are other problems for the would-be prophet: should we confine our choices to only the most innovative newcomers? Should stardom in itself be a sufficient qualifier, regardless of creative credentials? What of those musicians who have yet to speak their own piece by issuing music under their own name? Or the foreign-born performers who may have been established for years in their homeland but are only now available to American listeners? Or, conversely, the many fine Boston jazz people who are hardly national figures but outplay many of their more famous fellows?

So much for caveats. With all of the problems identified above, I still find it possible and (one hopes) helpful to mention some of the men and women who have received to date less than widespread exposure yet offer promise of more celebrated futures. I've created six groups for the sake of organizing the list; the division of the groups, of course, is as arbitrary and personal as are the choices, and several of the people named below could be listed in more than one group. Recorded examples of their work are cited for reference.

The Young Tenors

An indication of the continued dominance of the saxophone in contemporary jazz lies in the number of tenor players (inevitably, they are tenor/soprano sax players these days) who made their first impressions with famous leaders, then began recording under their own names. David Liebman, for example, spent several years in the Elvin Jones and Miles Davis groups before establishing *two* bands of his own — the cooperative Open Sky and the more rock-oriented Lookout Farm. An aggressive, technically adept blower who has been deeply marked by John Coltrane, Liebman retains the probing momentum of the modal mainstream in even the most electric surroundings. (*Lookout Farm*, ECM)

Azar Lawrence, an even younger tenor who also put in a stint with Elvin, is now in his third year with McCoy Tyner's combo. Coltrane is again the primary influence, but Lawrence is generally even more incantatory in his solo work than Liebman. Passionate strength is perhaps Lawrence's most identifiable trait; as a player and composer he still labors under the shadow of Tyner and 'Trane, but if a talent for leading productive studio blowing sessions is an indication of good things to come, Lawrence is definitely on his way. (*Summer Solstice*, Prestige)

Other tenors deserve mention (Billy Harper, Steve Grossman, Mike Brecker) under this heading, but of all the post-Coltrane tenors the one who may have the most personal approach is Benny Maupin. After a decade in other people's bands (Marion Brown, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock) Maupin finally got his own record date last year. Rather than the high-energy funk he serves up in the Headhunters — and Maupin is one of the most talented when it comes raising the level of amplified disco jazz — he produced a brooding, unusually textured album, cold and slightly impenetrable in spots but a notable fusion of electronics and free expression. (*Jewel in the Lotus*, ECM)

Close to Home

There are several quality players who call Boston their home and, with a bit of exposure outside its confines, who could make a substantial impact. Two of the most impressive happen to be trumpeters, but there the similarity ends. Claudio Roditi, a Bostonian by way of his native Brazil, prefers the changes and modes of the post-bop era with an occasional pinch of Latin spice. His group Coisa Nova has appeared in Boston regularly over the past two years, and on each new hearing I become more convinced that Roditi has few peers in the realm of straight-ahead blowing. Stanton Davis has also maintained a local band for quite a while, but both the band, Ghetto Mysticism, and the leader's trumpet are plugged-in exponents of the direction set over the past few years by Miles Davis. The coherence of Stanton's typical performances would often put the more renowned trumpeter to shame. Unfortunately neither Roditi or Stanton Davis has recorded his own album, although a good sample of the latter's work is included on George Russell's *Listen to the Silence* (Concept).

International Sounds

Europe and South America have begun turning out talents of international reputation, and the proliferation of jazz

Continued on page 32

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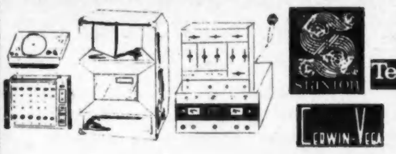

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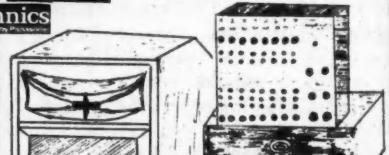

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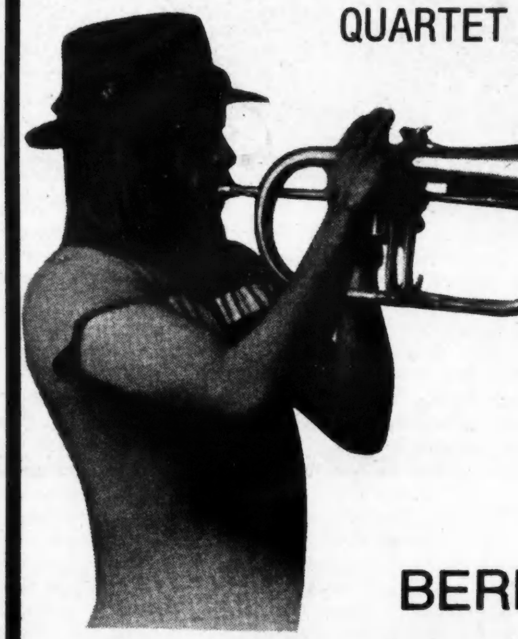

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ARE WE ALL GOING DOWN THE TUBES?

Watching a musical Idiot Box

Glee Club: Quay Lewd (Fee Waybill) and admirers

Duane LeMay

By Ken Emerson

I tried, believe me. Many of my friends love the Tubes and hoped I would at least like them. But as much as I want to oblige, I also want more from life (and rock 'n' roll) than UHF television.

The Tubes are so dubbed because of their fondness for televisions, six of which graced the stage when they made their local debut last fall in Cambridge. And their subject matter is the detritus of video: the theme songs of *Peter Gunn* and *Perry Mason*, the Apollo spaceflights, tapes of Patty Hearst assuring, "Dad, I'm OK," huckster ads and bad movies. If all this recalls Alice Cooper, it should. In fact, the Tubes recall everyone, from Tom Jones (in concert they spoof "It's Not Unusual" as go-go girls waggle lubriciously) to David Bowie (listen to the lead vocal on "Boy Crazy" from their album, *The Tubes*) to Chicago (whom "Haloes" on *The Tubes* mimics uncannily).

The Tubes burlesque an era in which everything — even the vitality that once was rock 'n' roll's — has been reduced to reruns. Electronic images heap up and the Tubes riffle through them. "Ho-ho . . .," as Wallace Stevens wrote. "The dump is full/Of images. Days pass like papers from a press." But who wants yesterday's papers? Ignoring Stevens's imperative ("One rejects the trash"), the Tubes never transcend the boredom they're about. For all their hot theatrics and collegiate outragiousness, their show and album are true television, cool and detached. We're not supposed to get involved; the music, mostly bland heavy metal, is alienated and alienating. This irony is hollow, the parody Pyrrhic.

Thus their fans chant "We're white punks on dope" as if the song weren't a satire — and indeed, it may very well not be. Who are the dopes here? The Tubes are doubtless as eager to score as anyone, and their irony is less intellectual than inchoate. They are too implicated in and symptomatic of the rock excess they travesty to be able to criticize or redeem it. You can't pin them down, because they play both ends against the middle, yet the center will not hold — it isn't even there. Tubes leader Fee Waybill, in the guise of Quay Lewd, teeters on titanic platform shoes and does a juicy send-up of glitter rock, but he offers nothing in its place. How does a parody of Alice Cooper, for instance, differ from Alice Cooper, a self-parody in his own right? Heavy metal purveyed with a smirk is still heavy metal — and the Blue Oyster Cult.

The Tubes protest the blaze of meaninglessness by throwing a few more faggots on the fire. Or, to scramble the metaphor, media-saturated like us all, they

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Cate Bros.

The CATE Bros. (Ernie and Earl) hail from Fayetteville, Arkansas, and their musical expertise ranges from a driving rock 'n' roll to a heavy dose of rhythm 'n' blues. The boys got together with Memphis heavy, Steve Cropper to produce the album, and the final result is an extraordinary blend of rock and soul, a pumping sound the likes of which we haven't heard since the days of Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, and Sam & Dave. . .

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RADIO KING AND HIS COURT OF RHYTHM

Radio King and his Court of Rhythm are a bunch of Detroit emigrants who've been living and playing in the Boston area for several years but who haven't forgotten the old country's foremost cultural contribution — namely, soul music. When I saw them at Gladstone's, they kept the place . . . well, if not jumping on a Tuesday night, at least on its toes, by offering a broad spectrum of rhythm and blues ranging from ancient Motown to the latest sounds from Philly. Featured prominently are the saxophone and trumpet/trombone players, whose simultaneous bursts of hook riffs are reminiscent of Funkadelic.

Given the bar band's tricky aesthetic, which demands not only ear-pleasing tunes but also the execution of utilitarian tasks such as making you want to dance your head off, Radio King negotiated an evening's worth of music with notable success. They live up to the "Court of Rhythm" part of their name by delivering tight disco with a strong backbone, courtesy of bassist Steve Chall. But they are only a five-piece band, however, and are incapable of providing the usually lush musical embellishments that have given the Philly sound its distinct Afro-Baroque style. Their small size, though, has the advantage of giving them a raw flavor which sometimes has the tinge of a jazz ensemble.

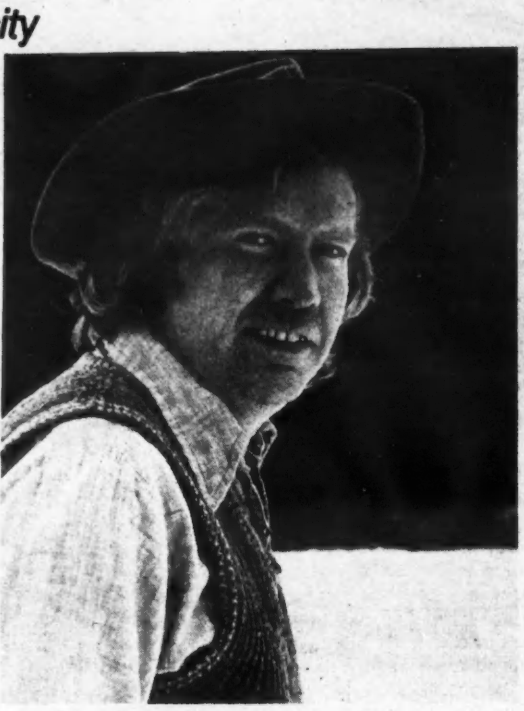
What they lack is frosting on the cake. Better vocals and a lead guitarist (they are currently searching for one) would sweeten their sets considerably. Meanwhile, they've cut a single, and although they're not emperors of the airwaves yet, BCN's got a copy.

—Brad Collins

Local Artists / Local Labels

Occasionally, a local artist will get fed up with all those national labels that haven't knocked on his or her door. Or perhaps the musician, having no national ambitions, will want to provide a recording for the audience he's garnered in Boston, or perhaps in all of New England. Charles Farrell, an excellent local pianist, put out an album entitled *Noise* on — and this is God's honest truth — the Noise label. The name of Farrell's group is also Noise. Another jazz pianist, Stephen Merriman, released the highly praised *In My Own Time* on the Avon Hill label. Reedman John Payne's filigree has adorned several Bonnie Raitt LPs. He and his band have recorded *John Payne's First Album* and *Bedtime Stories*, both of which are selling surprisingly well in the Boston area, for John's Bromfield label. Studio B, on lower Boylston Street, has given us *Chef's Salad* (Cookin'), a collection of work by artists they've been recording in the past year. Derek Huntington has produced a lively duo, *Stormin' Norman and Susie*, recorded at Music Designers and at Huntington's home studio, for his Perfect Crime label. All of the above labels are artist-owned. Columbia and Warner Brothers should be warned.

—Peter Herbst



JIM ROONEY

Since the urban folk boom of the early '60s, Boston-Cambridge has enjoyed a reputation as a place where country and bluegrass players, especially those whose music enhances the boozy good fellowship pervading many of the tap rooms, can at least get a measure of steady work and recognition, if not riches quickly. Certainly one of the most crowd-pleasing little bands on the Boston-area saloon circuit is Jim Rooney and his Partners In Crime, a trio whose forte is playing an especially buoyant brand of bluegrass mostly on (the purists will recoil) electric instruments.

The slim, ginger-haired Rooney, who plays his acoustic guitar left-handed, is well-known to long-time New England devotees of folk, country and bluegrass. During the halcyon days of the folk revival he was a regular on the bandstand of Cambridge's fondly remembered Club 47, primarily in a duo with the dazzling banjoist Bill Keith. From 1965 until 1968 Jim managed the 47, booking a variegated assortment of talent that included Bill Monroe, Muddy Waters, Arlo Guthrie, string quartets and children's theater troupes. In 1967 he took a post as a Director of the Newport Folk Festival and subsequently moved to New York to work full-time coordinating talent for the N.F.F. and road-managing tours for the Newport Jazz Festival.

Throughout these years Rooney continued to play. In 1969 he formed a group with such notables as Bill Keith, Eric Weissberg and Richard Greene called The Blue Velvet Band. They cut one LP for Warner Brothers called *Sweet Moments With The Blue Velvet Band*, a collection of country music that was a gem, albeit a meagerly selling one.

In 1970 Jim completed a book entitled "Bossmen: Bill Monroe & Muddy Waters" (Dial Press and Hayden Pub.), a probing study of the two wellsprings of bluegrass and urban blues, respectively. Then came an opportunity to move to Woodstock, N.Y. and supervise the construction and operation of Bearsville Sound Studios.

After his stints as entrepreneur, author and studio head, Rooney was ready to return to making music himself, before everything else. He wrote songs, played in Nashville, then rejoined Bill Keith at several festivals and in clubs throughout the U.S. and Europe.

Having moved back to the Boston area, Rooney has become a familiar face on the local scene once more. With guitarist Everett Lilly and Lilly's brother Tennis on bass (their father, Everett, Sr., provided Jim with the initial spark to play bluegrass when he heard the elder Lilly on a WCOP "Hayloft Jamboree" broadcast in 1954), the Partners In Crime have been wining people over with their hot picking and off-the-wall good humor.

"Although it might sound strange to people who have heard me over the past 20 years, this band is starting at the bottom," Rooney says. "But things are looking up. I'm going to go out to play the circuit again, small clubs in Montreal, Philadelphia, D.C., and I'll be opening a few concerts for Tom Rush and Jonathan Edwards. And I'm beginning to write again. Rosalie Sorrels recorded 'Only The Best' and Jon Edwards did 'Alive And Well And Hanging Out In Bangor.' We just recorded 'Bangor,' too, as a single. I think I'm gonna hire a promotion person to shop it around to some stations in New England and New York and see if we can get a little airplay."

Rooney and His Partners have an LP out on Somerville's Rounder label, *One Day At A Time*, that is currently in the shops. It's a relaxed set devoted primarily to some of Jim's favorite tunes by Woody Guthrie, Dolly Parton, James Talley and Hank Williams, plus one Rooney original, and Jim is accompanied by man-

Continued on page 30

Jerry Berndt

WILLIE ALEXANDER

Long and lanky composer-vocalist-pianist Willie Alexander, better known as Willie Loco, is generally acknowledged to be the patriarch of the Boston-Cambridge *nouveau*-punk rock 'n' roll milieu. When Willie is not recording his own ingenuous singles on the custom Garage label, he provides a kind of spiritual and motivational guidance to a handfull of up-and-coming bands, whom he sits in with at The Club in Cambridge or Boston's Rathskeller, a portion of whom he occasionally employs on his own records or simply chews the fat with about songwriting and pop-image matters.

The son of a minister, Willie was born in Philadelphia but grew up in East Providence, RI, Medford, Gloucester and Newton, where he graduated from high school. "After high school I attended the Museum School for a while but dropped out to be a wino and painter," Willie recalls. "Then I went up to Goddard College in Vermont, where Ted Myers, Lee Mason and I formed the Lost in late '63."

The Lost was, along with Barry and the Remains and the Barbarians, one of the first notable "long-hair" outfits in Boston during the giddy days immediately following the English Invasion. They were signed by Capitol one night while they were gigging at the Rat and cut enough material for an album, but the company decided to release only a pair of singles. The group disbanded in 1966.

After the Lost, Loco joined Grass Menagerie as the drummer (the band also included Doug Yule, of subsequent Velvet Underground reknown). This began what Willie termed a lengthy peroid of "being in a band for six months, then out for six months." He returned to the piano as a member of the nine-piece Bagatelle, which cut one lp for ABC in 1968 with producer Tom Wilson. Bagatelle recorded two Alexander compositions, "Back On The Farm" and "Everybody Knows."

When Lou Reed departed the Velvet Underground in early 1970 Willie signed on and toured Europe with them for a short time. After completing that stretch he found work with several bands, embarked on a solo career ("just me and an electric piano") and did various odd jobs. It was while playing at Sandy's in Beverly that he heard the Rhythm Assholes and was impressed. Soon he had a plan to record a single with them, a record that would somehow be issued on his own label.

This dream was realized in 1975, when Willie wrote "Kerouac" — his heartfelt homage to the fountainhead of the "beat" novel style — and "Mass. Ave.," which is about, well, just that. Loco obtained financial backing from Jack Griffin, a music store owner and musician in his own right, went into Moon Studios in Billerica ("I'ts right next to Lowell, where Kerouac grew up, and all I had to do was step out the door and look at the sky. I got the feeling even more," he recalls), and took members of the Rhythm As with him. The result was a two-sided hit that was favorably reviewed in *Creem*, the *Real Paper* and the *Manchester Guardian*, featuring Willie's quirky baritone-to-falsetto vocals and a tom-tom heavy pulse, which Loco dubs the "*primitivo* boom-boom" beat.

"It's sold pretty well so far," says Willie with no small amount of satisfaction, "and I've gotten requests for it from as far away as Montana, Guadaloupe and England." Incidentally, you can purchase a copy of this extraordinary 45, which more than makes up in feeling what it lacks in studio polish, by sending $1.25 to Garage Records, Box 308, Newtonville, Ma. 02160.

Willie describes his position as the patriarch of *nouveau*-punk as a natural outgrowth of his friendships with the increasingly assured young bands that work at the Rat and The Club. "Basically it's a very small situation right now. There are only two clubs where these bands gig, and I think that we all should try to support one another. It makes everything healthier."

Consequently, Loco introduced the groups to his long-time publicist, Al "Lorenzo" Drake, who is called "Lorenzo *sans* moustache." Drake operates the Lorenzo Promo Service and provides these purveyors of suburban *primitivo* boom-boom music with reams

Continued on page 30

INA MAY WOOL

Ina May Wool is about to take leave of the local club and college circuit to pursue a national reputation, much to the satisfaction of her fervent following. The recent block-long queues at Inn-Square Men's Bar were graphic evidence of the audience that Ms. Wool has built up as a local club performer and concert-opening act.

At the behest of several major record companies, Ina is piecing together a long-awaited demo tape in a Boston studio. She is also preparing a national tour for which she will be both headliner and opening act.

Ms. Wool's performances have matured rapidly, having advanced beyond a respectable but pat catalogue of traditional ballads, Hank Williams salutes and saloon tunes to a blend of sensuous blues and jazz. But it is Wool's scat-singing that makes her special. Her ad lib vocalizing on "Don't Blame Me" is truly timeless.

Ina has plied her art from Jack's to New York City's Gerde's Folk City to Newburyport's Grog to Philly's Main Point, sometimes opening for such diverse acts as Blood, Sweat & Tears, Janis Ian, Leslie West, Mose Allison and Martin Mull. A real trouper, she is.

While Ina is known for the comeliness of her voice and physiognomy, she does not scant her sisters who might be otherwise endowed. "Pretty Peggy-o," "Georgia Woman" and "Wild Women Don't Worry Blues" occupy a prominent place in her repertoire. The multitalented Wool is likewise capable of belting out an Ella Fitzgerald number, a gutsy Loretta Lynn trademark, or the B&M "Train Story" with little sweat or loss of style.

Here is one instance when letting "the wool" be pulled over your eyes (and ears) can be a joy and a revelation.

—Dennis Metrano

David Krathwohl

JADE & SARSAPARILLA

Laura Nyro lives! And who knows? Maybe it was the local success of Jade and Sarsaparilla that coaxed her out of retirement. Janet Hood and Linda Langford are an amiable duo steeped in *Eli and the 13th Confession*, both the good and the bad. On the debit side are Hood's clunky piano playing and Langford's lapses into a torchy blare. But they come out ahead by virtue of their enthusiasm, erotic intensity and fervent harmonies.

Nyro was always uneasy on stage — live performing is Jade and Sarsaparilla's forte. They can electrify an audience, and the crowd need not be gay. Much of their appeal is the way they work together. Their eyes glued to each other, they spar and embrace with vocal riffs. Neither is nearly so good a singer alone as together, especially when they trade lines or slide into lower-register harmonies. Some of their songs celebrate their relationship ("Ain't nobody else can do me like you do, pretty mama"), and these can turn into anthems of not only gay but all love. Sounds sappy, perhaps, but you too will clap along.

Jade and Sarsaparilla have not yet arrived at where they're heading. Their repertoire is indiscriminate (too much Laura Nyro and a good bit of inappropriate eclecticism) and occasionally they have trouble effectively building and modulating a song. Yet even mediocre stretches are suddenly and surprisingly lit by flashes of talent that has yet to assert itself fully. They would be helped, I think, by a band. The economics of cabaret may make this unfeasible, but it would allow Hood to concentrate on what she does best: sing.

What's important is that Jade and Sarsaparilla not be promoted as simply a gay group. Their music extends beyond any sexual preference and embraces all kinds of love, just as it draws on every genre: country and western (!), jazz, pop and rock. With any luck, they'll get out from under the overbearing influence of Laura Nyro and become, perhaps, another Joy of Cooking. Few women sing together these days — it's either solo or not at all. Jade and Sarsaparilla, Janet Hood and Linda Langford, are making sweet music with each other, and more power to them.

—Ken Emerson

David Krathwohl

MISTRAL

Orchestra Luna seem to have been too polyglot a group to last. The relation of Randy Roos's jazz guitar to Richard Kinscherf's madcap revue was always a bit tenuous, so it came as little surprise — especially in light of the band's failure to attract a following outside Boston and Columbia Records' disenchantment — when Roos joined the general exodus. A second incarnation of the Orchestra is promised, but in the meantime Roos and Luna's drummer, Don Mulvaney, are already to be heard as one-half of Mistral, a no-nonsense jazz quartet rounded out by Ron Mooradian on tenor sax and Dewey Dellay on bass.

Nothing could be further removed from Luna's hijinx than Mistral's determined delivery. Their concentration is exclusively on the music: straightahead jazz which is refreshing in its antiquated eschewal of formulaic fireworks and disco-funk. Roos's favorite guitarist is not John McLaughlin (what a relief!) but Jim Hall, "the only guitarist I've listened to seriously in the past two years." He's also a student of John Coltrane, McCoy Tyner and Bela Bartok. Mooradian, with whom Roos played before joining Luna, is steeped in Coltrane and Miles Davis, and their non-original repertoire draws on Coltrane and Freddy Hubbard. It's obvious from Mistral's very first note that their love of jazz is not an overnight affair inspired by Mahavishnu or Herbie Hancock.

Their own compositions leave ample space for solos. Mooradian's tend to be hard-blowing, Roos's more pensive and architecturally conceived. The latter's may begin with delicate, ruminative chords and build slowly to incandescent runs. What's most impressive about Roos's playing is its thoughtfulness, which never condescends to mere theatrics. For all his command of the guitar, Roos is no showboater; rather, he plays with rapt humility.

Mistral, as Roos explains, is seeking "a light kind of thing," an airy music which Mulvaney's drums, when I heard the band, did not always complement. It's hard to modulate percussion, but the group is still in the process of finding itself. Newcomer Dellay, only 21, is feeling his way into the band and sounds very promising. For now the former Berklee student is playing electric bass but eventually, Roos says, he'll also perform on string bass, which he already plays with the MIT orchestra.

Jazz is big, as the record companies' scramble to acquire a jazz line attests. But most of what is popular is far from the best jazz. What's so exciting about Mistral is their dedication not to the trendy but to the superlative.

—Ken Emerson

Local Artists/National Labels

Aerosmith and the J. Geils Band are still Boston's most widely known musical exports — Aerosmith, in fact, having become one of Columbia's biggest acts over the last few years. But there are others right behind them, ready to break out of New England. Some of the following are already well on their way; others have one leg in the recording studio, the other still in Jacks.

The James Montgomery Band has a new manager (Al Dotoli), new booking agency (Gemini) and new label on the way — the Montgomery Band has been reconstituting itself in the past year. Paul Lenart has been called in to play lead guitar, David Woodford to play horns. The Capricorn label, on which the group recorded their first two albums, has been quitted. They've cut a new lp at Allen Toussaint's Sea-Saint Studios in New Orleans, with the production assistance of Toussaint and Marshall Sehorn. It will be offered to at least three companies which had previously bid for the group's talents, and, if all goes well, will be out as early as March. The album will include seven songs written by the band.

Duke and the Drivers are heading into their second album for ABC-Dunhill, to be produced by Deke Richards, of Motown singles fame, and recorded either at Northern Studios in Maynard or in Los Angeles. It should be completed by February 15 and may be available to the consumer in late March. Drummer Dr. Feelgood Funk, it should be mentioned, has been replaced by former Orphan Bob Chouinard.

Pousette-Dart Band, which sports Boston's folky, lightly amplified sound, has finally found national representation. Jon Pousette-Dart, bassist John Troy, multi-instrumentalist John Curtis and new addition drummer Allison Cook have completed an LP for Capitol. Recorded in Nashville, at Norbert Putnam's Quadrophonic Sound, the album draws only upon original material, and should be released in mid-March.

The Road Apples' single "Let's Live Together," on Polydor, will be followed by a second, produced by David Kirshenbaum at Northern Studios. An album will be recorded in February.

Jonathan Edwards, the man many of us thought had retired, is back again. Edwards has left Atlantic for Warner Bros., and will be coming out with an album at the beginning of March. It was produced by Brian Ahern at Ahern's mobile unit, the Enactron Truck, boasts guitar by James Burton and vocal backing by Emmylou Harris, and will include eight original numbers.

Generally reliable sources allege that Stu Nunnery is about to sign a contract with Epic Records for four singles, plus an album option. Probable singles are "Suddenly" and "Take To The Harbor," possible recording site is Studio B, and definite producer is Studio B's Wayne Wadhams.

Travis Shook, having reconciled his differences with the Club Wow, is about to cut a live LP for Little David records (affiliated with Atlantic), which will appear in late March. A studio album made for an independent label will be out shortly, in limited edition.

Diehards will no doubt be pleased to hear that a tape made for Warner Bros. several years ago by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, including "Roadrunner," "Astral Plane" and "Pablo Picasso," will soon be available by mail order from Beserkeley Records. The *Phoenix* will be carrying more information about this in the near future.

—Peter Herbst

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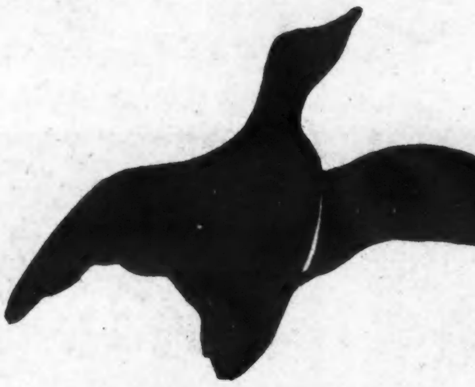

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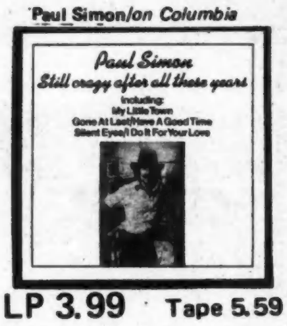
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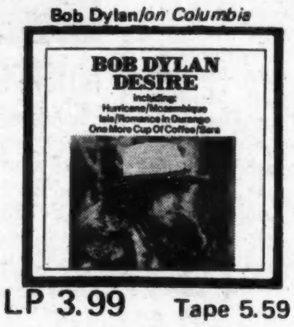
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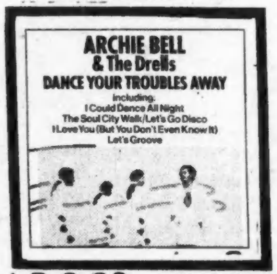
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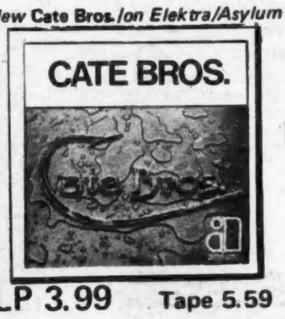

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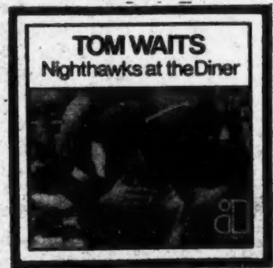
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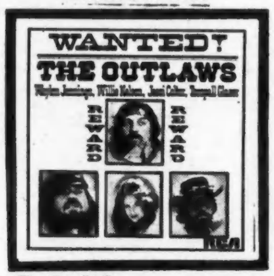
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SEVEN SOUL SHAKERS

Making it without Hustling

By Joe McEwen

If 1975 wasn't a groundbreaking year for established soul acts, the disco explosion at least gave record companies the incentive to take a chance on some black music that otherwise might never have seen the inside of a record jacket. Perhaps the most redeeming factor in a mostly abysmal soul year was the number of inspired debut offerings that decorated (and in some cases gathered dust in) record store racks. While disco contributed heavily to the new faces department with Donna Summers, Silver Convention, Carol Douglas, *et al.*, the most encouraging music of the new crop paid only marginal attention to the phenomena, choosing instead to forge personal styles that eschewed the formula of trendy production mills. Though 1974 was a much healthier year, only KC and the Sunshine Band and Little Beaver come to mind as "new" artists who showed artistic and commercial promise for '75. The fact that 1975 provided a relative abundance of diverse soul styles from unknowns surely seems a healthy forecast of things to come. The following is a consumer's guide of sorts to some new faces, with thoughts about each.

Natalie Cole and Al Jarreau

Angelo Bond

According to Angelo Bond, "In too many places the people are being sold garbage. The seed of righteousness exists in everyone: it's up to us to take righteous fruit to our brothers. By 'us,' I mean musicians especially, because music can be spiritual food. I'm not trying to present myself as a saint — I've not only bought garbage, like everyone else, but also produced my share. I do know what's everylasting and that's righteousness."

A man who utters statements like that demands to be taken seriously (if that type of thing doesn't give you a headache). Angelo is a singer/songwriter from Detroit, a former member of the Holland/Dozier/Holland-Invictus/Hot Wax Records mill, who obviously has great disdain for some of his past work: 100 Proof's "Somebody's Been Sleeping," "Don't Scratch Where It Don't Itch" and "One Man's Leftovers (Is Another Man's Feast)," Eighth Day's "You've Got to Crawl (Before You Walk)" and "Stock Up" by Honey Cone. While Bond may wish to forget the past ("I no longer take pride in songs that don't at least try to bring people closer to God"), the slew of post-Motown hits that he authored are distinctive and energizing slices of soul that are among my favorites from the early '70s.

Angelo's album, *Bondage*, surfaced after the moderate success of the truly inspiring single "Reach For the Moon" and proved to be among the year's most compelling (and dare I say mysterious) releases. The possessor of a wispy falsetto, somewhere between Smokey Robinson and Eddie Kendricks, Bond gives extra weight to his self-penned songs with a tender delivery and manner of phrasing (adding to the already sexually ambiguous album cover photo). *Bondage* bears comparison with Smokey's own solo efforts and inevitably comes out on top, aided by a more concise and imaginative lyric sense, Bond's unusual vocal personality and McKinley Jackson's luxurious arrangements. Don't be put off by all the religious mumbo jumbo — *Bondage* only overreaches occasionally and the spirituality isn't as self-congratulatory as Bond's statements would suggest.

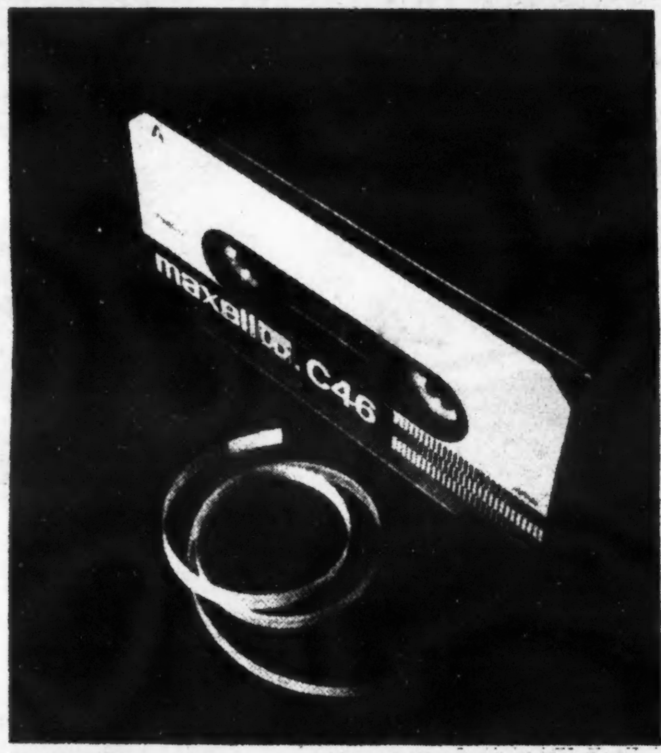
Greg Perry

Greg Perry is a former songwriting partner of Bond's who co-authored many of the Invictus/Hot Wax hits. While Perry's voice is a shade less compelling, it is also rougher and more masculine. Though the two have written together, their work apart bears little similarity. Perry's *One For the Road* is closer in feel to the Eighth Day/100 Proof stuff, though a bit less regimented and certainly more personal. Like Bond, Perry has instilled his work with an aura of believability, while at the same time sporting a more aggressive instrumental approach. Though Perry had several medium-sized hits from the album, including a stinging "I'll Be Coming Back," *One For the Road* was somewhat under-appreciated commercially. Both Bond and Perry seemed to have found comfortable, invigorating grooves that don't quite fit into the current soul or disco mainstream, and since neither of their albums were complete commercial failures, I can only hope that their respective record companies will persevere.

Natalie Cole

Certainly the most obvious representative for the new-face category is Natalie Cole, who lucked into the hands of talented producers Marvin Yancey and Chuck Jackson and came out a winner. She could have just as easily been the product of a producer like Tony Sylvester and have sounded as shopworn as Sister Sledge, a group that certainly deserves better. Cole's hit, "This Will Be," with its charging rhythmic, gospel piano and soaring vocal, was certainly one of the year's better singles. Yancey and Jackson made full use of their stellar Chicago session band to surround Natalie with a variety of styles and models, the most obvious of which were Aretha Franklin and Chaka Khan. While comparison with Aretha has been inevitable (and unfair to Cole), Natalie seems to lack a telling vocal personality. That she can be molded into so many seemingly disparate modes makes me wonder about the sustaining nature of her talent. Nevertheless, I don't mean to be too critical; certainly *Inseparable* had more life and fire than Aretha's *You*. It's also probably a sad commentary of sorts

Continued on page 44



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SOUL

Continued from page 22

that the title song on Franklin's album — her current single — was culled from *Inseparable*.

Revelation

Revelation comes closest to standard soul fare. The bulk of their initial LP was recorded in Philly and features standard Sigma Sound production work. The group evolved from the 40-member New York Community Choir (featured on poetess Nikki Giovanni's first two albums) and, like Angelo Bond, have expressed a desire to communicate music "of a positive nature." Side one of the album is among my favorite Philadelphia records of the year, with a particularly rich vocal attack and some hot band tracks. Like the Mighty Clouds of Joy, Revelation have been able to transfer the more appealing elements of their church-hewn sound to a secular setting. While the singles and album have flopped, it's only a matter of hooking up the right song before a group with such an expansive and majestic sound finds a mass audience.

Al Jarreau

Perhaps the most original tack taken this year was that of Al Jarreau on his album *We Got By*. Jarreau, a vocalist and songwriter who once fronted George Duke's quartet, was easily the most novel black lyricist to emerge in '75, a fact that's overshadowed by his attention-grabbing vocal presentation. Jarreau's style reveals glimpses of Terry Callier, King Pleasure, Les McCann and Bill Withers, but really sounds totally unique in conception. While *We Got By* saw his raspy, broken delivery often obscured by unmelodic, mild funk tracks, his recent performance at Paul's Mall was devastating. On stage, with only an unobtrusive three-piece group, Jarreau erupted, bursting into his songs with a machine gun-like delivery, then caressing, growling and crooning, exhibiting a deceptively wide vocal range. He's a first-rate storyteller and actor who aroused a sullen, inattentive audience waiting for the featured act. Jarreau seems destined to develop the type of audience that Leon Thomas had several years ago, though's he much more compelling than Thomas, and I only hope that his next album captures more of the energy and personality that he looses on stage.

Seguida

Salsa has been bandied about for a year or so as a good candidate for "the next big thing" and has already achieved that standing in New York where over 20,000 people recently turned out at Madison Square Garden to see the Fania All Stars. Latin music is becoming more and more prominent in New York discos and on Frankie Crocker's trend-setting WBLS, but unfortunately Latin music seems to be a little too ethnic for a mass audience, who not only have trouble dancing to it, but also can't understand the words. Still, salsa is thriving and a lot of people seem interested in sampling the music without having the slightest idea where to begin. *Love is . . . Seguida* is the first release by a large group of young Latinos who bare the roots of a childhood in New York. The album is hot, weaving traces of funk, jazz and rock, into more standard salsa trappings. Most of the album is instrumental, with only occasional vocals (mostly in English), and seems a good place for the uninitiated to start.

Arnold Blair

Blair's LeRoy Hutson-produced single, "Trying To Get Next To You," has been out for several months without attracting a whole lot of attention. The record is jaunty and assertive, obviously modeled after Natalie Cole's "This Will Be." While the song is a formidable piece of music, what makes it all the more interesting is that Blair sounds like Cole — uncannily like a woman (nobody I play this for believes that the singer is male). Even more confusing is the fact that the record is being sung to a woman, an ambiguity that must be heard to be appreciated. I don't know anything more about Blair than you do — except that his promotional poster includes the phrase, "In the tradition of Aretha, Gladys, Mavis and Minnie."

John Blanding

Hot Shots: Supertramp

Supertramp: the name calls up images of the hobo, a nondescript, tattered specimen strolling down the endless highway with a bindlestiff and plenty of opportunity to test his heart of gold. It's not too far off the mark, either — not only is the band scruffy and its history rambling, but they think and write as if they were the finest hardup heroes you'd ever want to meet.

The band was founded more years ago than they like to think by Richard Davies (keyboards and gruff, contemptuous, what's-the-use vocals) and Roger Hodgson (guitars, piano and high trustful singing that could arouse the maternal in a drunken longshoreman). They recorded two albums and toured Europe continually. They picked up and lost musicians at an alarming rate, because not many players were willing to throw in with a band that never found their audience, never refined their ideas, never had time to think. They had to gig constantly just to eat.

Finally, they hit upon a far-reaching concept, and they immediately secured management that backed them through the time necessary to execute it. They nailed down the band they wanted and, with the aid of David Bowie's producer Ken Scott, they recorded the lovely and perplexing *Crime of the Century*. The album portrays a kind of secular *Pilgrims Progress*, in which an everyday beleaguered citizen travels through the various episodes in his life. In various songs he responds to his situations either with idealism (sung by Hodgson) or nihilism (sung by Davies). The album is noted for the scatting near-hit single "Bloody Well Right" and the wistful, shining "Hide in Your Shell."

Now, for the first time in their lives, Supertramp are rich and well-fed, but their latest album proves them no different. Most of the 10 songs on *Crisis? What Crisis?* are further treatments, in greater depth, of some of the themes they'd only managed to touch on in *Crime*. "Sister Moonshine," for example, captures almost the exact and simple shape of a quest for meaning in life.

All told, they remind me of the medieval Jewish legend of Bonsche Sweig, a long suffering, much maligned beggar. When he dies, he is admitted to heaven with great ceremony in reward for the torments he has silently borne. The angels tell him that heaven and all it contains are his for the asking. He replies, "If this is so, then could I please have, every day, a hot roll with fresh butter?" This same tragic innocence is what sets Supertramp apart.

—Michael Bloom

The Music People

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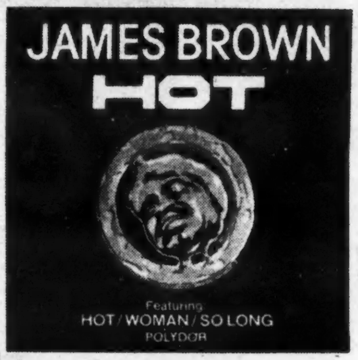
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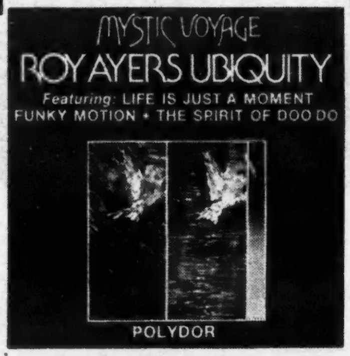
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TUBES

Continued from page 16

soak us even more and still they're all wet. Celebrating the triumph of effect over affect, they glory in gimmicks because that's all there is, folks. In pursuing rock theatricality to its logical absurd extreme, they paint themselves into a corner. They can't turn around and say, "Isn't this silly? But here's something that's for real." Instead, they cancel themselves out in a numb revel.

I've a friend who, like most people, occasionally gets mad. And he expresses his anger by *pretending* to pretend to be mad. It's a neat dodge and he gets away with it because if you call him on it, he can blandly insist, "Oh, I was only kidding," when, in fact, he was doing nothing of the sort. The Tubes stage a similar act that's just as elusive and transparent: they satirize their own sensationalism, caricature their own careers (on stage they do a number entitled "The Tubes' World Tour"). This has seduced some critics into praising the group's multiple ironies when these really are merely manifestations of a giggling nihilism. I say it's spinach and the hell with it.

Duane LeMay

Putting the squeeze on the Tubes

And even if it isn't spinach, it certainly isn't music. Bob Christgau had the right idea when he consigned coverage of the Tubes' New York appearance to the *Village Voice*'s theater department. The album, for all of "re-arranger" Al Kooper's hyped-up orchestrations, just squats there like a joke without a punchline, which is precisely what it is. Alice Cooper's music, too, is designed to embellish a stage show, but usually a song or two per album has eked by on its own independent merits. Not for nothing is the Tubes' publishing company named Pseudo Songs. Sometimes watching television with the sound turned off can be a goof, but have you ever tried listening with the picture blanked out? That's *The Tubes* for you. Even in concert, randy chorines and Fee Waybill feigning fellatio with a pneumatic R.N. can't blot out the Tubes' musical bankruptcy. Ah, but bankruptcy is what they're all about! See how the Tubes disarm criticism? If the music sounds tiresomely familiar, it's supposed to.

"The play's the thing," as Hamlet said, and the Tubes put on quite a show in hopes that one and all will laugh too loudly to bother listening. Waybill becomes Dr. Strangelove and offs a comely *madchen* as he screams, "Die, German bitch!" He gets his when, dressed as Fidel Castro, bearded and chomping a stogie, he falls in a hail of submachinegun fire as the band plays a campy tango. The moon landing mixes David Bowie's "Space Oddity" routine, Red Grooms's *papiermache* tribute to the astronauts, and the Sensational Alex Harvey Band (Waybill sings through a nylon stocking tugged over his head). And then, of course, there's adenoidal Quay Lewd, Waybill's most amusing and attractive incarnation, fronting the Cocaine Piranha. Here the Tubes' satire is both loony and pointed as it pricks almost every British popstar's balmy balloon. Still, Quay Lewd is no funnier than Tim Conway's Elfin John on the *Carol Burnett Show*. Television gave The Tubes their name.

The Tubes are part of a new cynicism about rock (other examples are the last albums by Albert Brooks and Flo and Eddy) that the music has partly deserved. The '70s have disappointed a lot of people; the '60s, after all, were an impossible act to follow. It's hard to keep the faith when David Bowie sings Neil Diamond duets with Cher. For many, rock has become a laughing matter. But the Tubes' laughter rings hollow because it comes too easily. Effective parody would require either a love of the music (which the Tubes never evidence) such as suffused Frank Zappa's *Ruben and the Jets*, and/or a distance and perspective such as the Tubes have not earned. They can't divorce themselves from what they mock; they don't stake out for themselves an independent turf. Indeed, they fall prey to and revel in all they ridicule. Thus their satire doesn't matter and neither do they. The Tubes would probably be the first to admit, even boast about, their meaninglessness—which does not excuse it. What would salvage their act is a musicality they sorely lack. Whether they're on dope or not is beside the point — they're still white punks.

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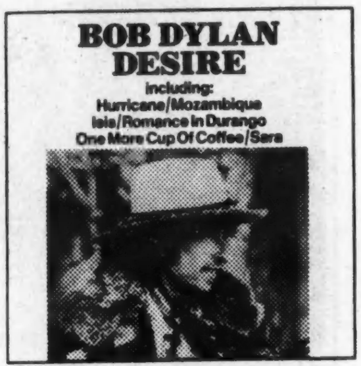
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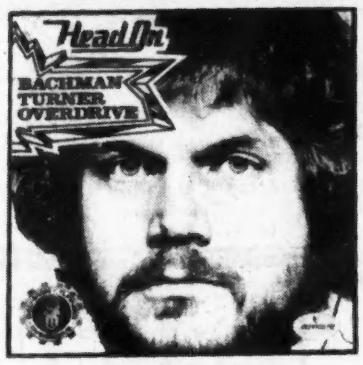
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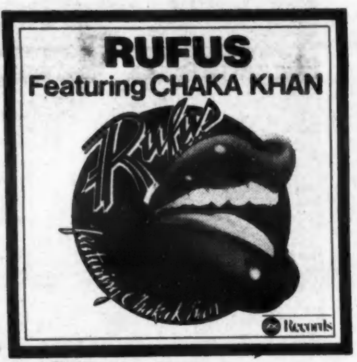
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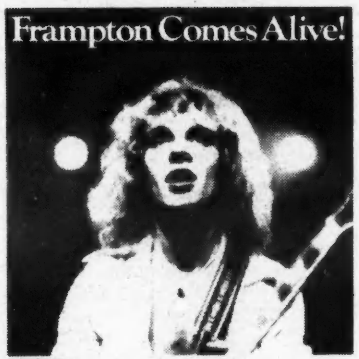
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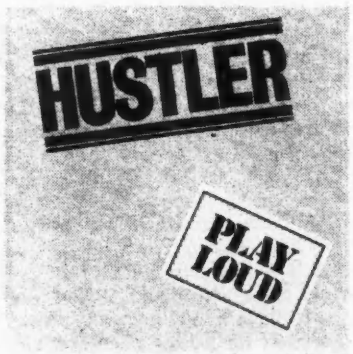
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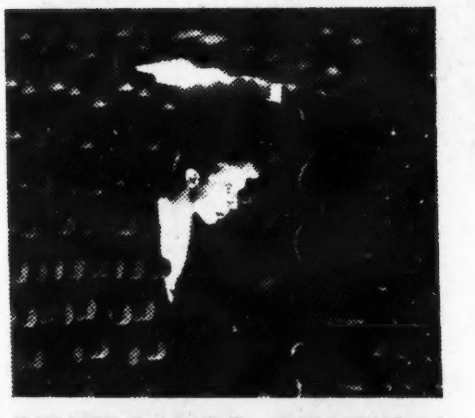

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Hot Shots: Gary Stewart

Twenty, 30, 40 years ago, Gary Stewart would not have seemed to be the oddity he does today. Country music was different then. It was the devil's music, and honky tonk reigned supreme. Whisky, sex and the joys of the neon whorl were country music's dearest subjects. But in the late '50s, country music went soft. You heard violins, not fiddles. Lyrics wilted to trite rhyme. Sunday-school morality replaced dysteleology. In a word, country music had become "clean."

Recent winds smell different. The old raunch is clawing at the panes again, regardless of what the industry wills or doesn't will. Two men are most important here: Moe Bandy — and Gary Stewart.

There are three Gary Stewart albums. *You're Not the Woman You Used To Be* (MCA) is a collection of stuff Gary recorded for Decca and Kapp a few years back. Stewart feels that this albums eats it, and he isn't far from right. His first RCA set, *Out of Hand*, featured "Drinkin' Thing," the performance that made Stewart a star and, along with Moe Bandy's "I Just Started Hatin' Cheatin' Songs Today" (also from early 1974), ushered in a honky-tonk renaissance in country music. With *Steppin' Out*, his second RCA album, Stewart proves himself a more capable and more adventurous artist than all but a handful of other country singers (such as Jerry Lee Lewis, George Jones, Waylon Jennings, Moe Bandy and Delbert McClinton). "Flat Natural Born Good-Timin' Man," "In Some Room above the Street" and Stewart's versions of Charlie Daniels's "Trudy" and Lefty Frizzell's "If You've Got the Money (I've Got the Time)" are faultless cuts — instant country classics.

Gary Stewart is crazy with genius. If Waylon Jennings, Willie Neson and others choose to go about playing outlaw instead of making music, they had better be careful. Guys like Stewart care little for play-acting, and stuff like "Flat Natural Born Good-Timin' Man" outclasses any studiously underground draff coming out of Tennessee or Texas.

—**Nick Tosches**

ALEXANDER

Continued from page 18

of ink for a nominal fee.

At present, Willie Loco can be found on the bandstands of The Club and the Rat, performing his songs with Fox Pass, the Mezz, the Boize and Third Rail. He is also currently preparing to record his next single on Garage, "Hit Her Wid De Axe" (the inspiration for which was provided by a chef with somewhat kinky inclinations) and "Cause I'm Taking You To Bed," and gives studio aid to Third Rail, who are preparing their debut 45, "Bad Ass Bruce" b/w "Lost In The Subway." Away from music, Willie serves as curator of a small but fascinating rock 'n' roll museum in the western suburbs. Visits by appointment only. —**Chuck Templeton**

ROONEY

Continued from page 18

dolinist Joe Val, leader of the New England Bluegrass Boys, and Bill Keith, among others.

You can hear Jim Rooney and His Partners In Crime at such local establishments as the Inn Square Men's Bar and Passim. But be forewarned: if, by chance, you have recently been absorbing the philosophy of Schopenhauer or the economic theories of Malthus, the band's music could make you want to disregard every word you have read.

—**Joe Durham**

CLASSY PREDICTIONS: A BRIEF GUIDE TO TOMORROW'S LENNIES, ARTHURS *ET AL.*

Let's hear it for da long hairs . . .

By David Moran

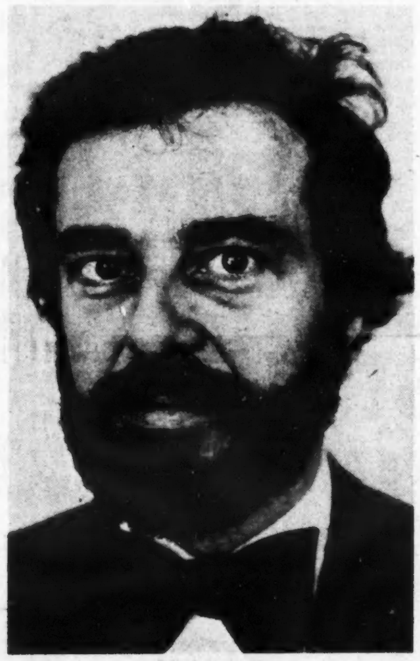
A couple of years ago, the then-new Cleveland Quartet won a Grammy for their RCA box of the Brahms string quartets. Like most of the winners, they appeared on the TV special honoring the awards; the Grammy producers' idea of a good way to present them entailed their being wheeled out, in tuxes and long gowns, on a platform made to resemble the waiting room of a New Orleans whorehouse. It was all candelabra and chandeliers, hanging draperies in shimmering green, silk and velvet. Very nervous, the group intensely read through a movement (not a slow one, of course) of one of the Brahms quartets. In the middle of the altogether barren Grammy awards, then, lay an oasis of some four minutes of real music, however anxiously given and tackily tarted up. After the Cleveland concluded, silence reigned — until the voice of LA Philharmonic conductor Zubin Mehta (the emcee for the "classical" segment, he looks, talks, and sometimes conducts like a thug) boomed out: "Well come on people, let's hear it for da classical music!"

Murray the P

With that sort of attitude prevailing throughout much of the country, and with the odds for success being probably lower than for beginning novelists or painters and certainly lower than for aspiring rock stars, it's hard to understand why anyone would try to make it big in the world of classical music. But still they come, and still they are signed by large labels, mostly to play the standard repertory. Here are some names you might watch out for in the future.

Pianists

This is the largest category, since the piano is such a popular instrument and companies releasing new piano discs can count on turning a profit more easily than otherwise. Easily the best of the younger crop of pianists is Columbia's Murray Perahia. Alone of his contemporaries and in company only with pianists like Charles Rosen and Boston's Russell Sherman (about whom more later), Perahia can perform a familiar work, follow the text's wishes scrupulously, and still (or perhaps consequently, given how unfaithful most pianists are to composers) come up with an interpretation that is altogether fresh—sound, plausible, yet probing and making new sense. Perahia's recent reading of the Chopin Preludes is incredible: many of the pieces come across as at once great and unknown. His other Chopin and Schumann discs are at times a bit too didactic, but even when I disagree with some of his choices of emphasis, the playing fascinates.



Paul Jacobs

Garrick Ohllson is another fine young Chopin pianist; indeed, his recent version (on Angel) of the Preludes — unfussy, self-effacing, powerful — is now my second favorite. Interpretatively, he prefers the lean to the fat, which approach serves him well in the Liszt *et al.* repertory he favors.

One of the finest piano recordings of recent years was of Liszt's impossible "Transcendental" Etudes, sensitively and insightfully played by Russell Sherman (Advent cassette, spectacular sound). Sherman, who teaches at NEC, is not exactly a newcomer, but this is his first solo release, or at least in the stereo era. He illuminates (occasionally perversely) everything he performs; would that we had some of his Beethoven or Schumann. Sherman's technique, by the way, is as fabulous as his intellect.

Likewise Paul Jacobs, a veteran who just released his first album: the complete piano music of Arnold Schoenberg (Nonesuch). Jacobs too has extraordinary intelligence and musical understanding; Nonesuch reputedly wants from him Bach and other more customary repertory.

All four of these pianists write about music exceptionally well, providing notes of the highest order to their discs. This is another characteristic they share with someone like Charles Rosen; perhaps I have come upon an easy criterion to be invoked when judging new artists.

Four other pianists who deserve comment: Lazar Berman (Columbia), a legendary but, until recently, unrecorded Russian virtuoso, whom one may hear presently (February 13, to be exact, at Jordan Hall in a benefit for WGBH-FM); Pascal Roge (London), of whose records I have caught enough aural glimpses from the radio to say at least that he has highly promising interpretative skills; and two, named Tedd Joselson and Emmanuel Ax, whom RCA is pushing as Romantic *wunderkinder* but whom you in fact need not attend, for they offer nothing not available (and better) elsewhere.

Siegfried Behrend

Conductors

If you accept the probably true assertion that James Levine (RCA, lots of idiomatic Mahler) and Edo de Waart (Philips, wide repertory) have, in terms of the marketplace, arrived, then the only two new conductors to keep your ears peeled for are Andrew Davis (Columbia) and Carlos Kleiber (DG). Kleiber's corrective reading of Beethoven's Fifth had all the critics talking, but I thought, even though it was a welcome, needed and shocking reminder of how much potency Beethoven could generate using the sparest materials, that Boston conductor Benjamin Zander could have easily outdone it if he were ever allowed to goose a big shiny machine like the BSO. Young Englishman Andrew Davis, who conducts the Toronto Symphony, has huge gifts that render wonders with potentially high-cholesterol composers like Elgar, in whom he led the BSO a couple of weekends ago. Columbia will have him doing, among others, Wagner. Davis is *very* promising.

Miscellaneous

Organist Michel Chapuis is well-known to those who follow the Baroque literature of that instrument, but he's the only recent Bach player who is at all comparable to an Anton Heiller. His set of Bach organ music (Telefunken) is nearly as good as the best complete one, by Marie-Claire Alain (MHS, soon to be no more since MHS is going out of business), and Chapuis in any event is superior to other recently recorded organists like Lionel Roog, who's dull, or Anthony Newman, who's ridiculously fast.

David Krathwohl

Andrew Davis

Guitarist Siegfried Behrend (DG) and cellist Jeffrey Solow (ABC/Command) have yet to sink their teeth (their fingers, actually) into the best works of their repertories, each having released "collection" albums of showier pieces for their instruments. But they play supply and with good rhythm, and will be heard from.

Finally, Boston's versatile Joel Cohen (see *Phoenix*, December 9, 1975) is also one of the outstanding new young musicians. Scholar, teacher, conductor, lutenist, etc., he records his Medieval Christmases and Renaissance consort concerts for Advent. His future is less predictable, because more various, than that of anyone else named herein, but its brightness is no less sure.

JAZZ

Continued from page 14

recording activity makes it possible for non-Americans to have a domestic presence without visiting our shores. Jan Garbarek, a Norwegian saxophonist whose approach was shaped by George Russell's Lydian Chromatic Concept, has received generous Stateside exposure through European recordings with Russell, Keith Jarrett and Ralph Towner. Garbarek's big sound is highly adaptable, having moved in the intimacy of a duet encounter as well as the midst of an orchestral storm. On his own, Garbarek has shown a fondness for incorporating Asiatic and Native American sources into his work. (*Witchi-Tai-To*, ECM).

Dozens of foreign musicians have reversed a longstanding trend and expatriated *to* the United States, and within the currently recognized non-native contingent I'm particularly excited by the work of Brazilian trombonist Raul DeSouza. My first exposure to DeSouza, in Airto's short-lived Fingers band, persuaded me that here was a match for any of the reigning slide specialists, a judgment which became totally confirmed after DeSouza began working with Claudio Roditi and made Boston a temporary home. Eventually Berkeley, California and a Milestone recording contract beckoned, so DeSouza now keeps active on a variety of West Coast sessions. While one album has appeared under his own name (*Colors*, Milestone), some of DeSouza's best recorded work is on the above-listed Azar Lawrence album and Sonny Rollins's *Nucleus* (Milestone).

Stephen Sherman

Stanley Clarke: One of the obvious successes

Crossovers

Many young musicians are currently involved in the fusion of jazz and rock approaches, and while much of the resulting "crossover" music is overly gimmicky and simplistic, there are a few artists who stand out. Among dabblers in electronic keyboards Czechoslovakian Jan Hammer is one of the most imaginative and accomplished. Hammer was a member of the original Mahavishnu Orchestra, where he proved adept at making his Fender Rhodes sound like leader McLaughlin's guitar; he has gone on to master an ever-expanding collection of synthesizers, become a talented studio engineer and create one-man musical fantasies. (*The First Seven Days*, Nemperor)

Among the new breed of studio musicians and amplified horn players, my favorite is Randy Brecker, a trumpeter who has proven equally at home in Horace Silver's quintet or the rock-jazz troupe he co-leads with brother Michael. If the distortion gets a bit overwhelming on *The Brecker Bros* (Arista), there is always the underlying content of Randy's imaginative lines. Other electronic fusionists include guitarist John Abercrombie (another ex-Bostonian), trumpeter Eddie Henderson and drummer Alphonze Mouzon; Oregon, in contrast, is a university-trained quartet of multi-instrumentalists which fuses rock, Indian, jazz and classical sources into a striking acoustic blend. (*In Concert*, Vanguard)

New Directions

What was labeled "the new thing" for lack of a better phrase a decade back persists, in lower profile perhaps but as aggressively as in the first flush of ESP albums and East Village loft sessions. In 1975 two extemely daring players issued albums under their own names that should establish them as new music leaders. Borah Bergman is a demonic pianist who has developed a left hand which can duplicate anything done by his right; thus he is able to produce simultaneous yet distinct solos in both hands and to carry works intended for the left hand alone (*Discovery*, Chiaroscuro). Julius Hemphill, an original member of the Black Artists Group collective formed in St. Louis, is an alto saxophonist/composer/arranger who puts as much emphasis on what he writes as what he spontaneously invents; this, plus his deep respect for tradition, make even his most uninhibited moments listenable for more conservative ears. (*'Coon Bid'ness*, Arista)

Voices

The most striking of the new vocalists are those who have either minimized or totally done away with the verbal aspects of singing; and, if making instrumental jazz remains a male-dominated activity, the preponderance of memorable voices is still female. DeDe Bridgewater, who won a Tony for her performance in *The Wiz*, has yet to be given her own record date, a situation certain to be remedied soon. Until the inevitable occurs, her wordless improvising is given generous room by such diverse composers as Thad Jones (*Suite for Pops*, Horizon) and Heiner Stadler (*Ecstacy*, Labor). Polish emigre Urszula Dudziak runs her voice through a synthesizer for effects that are sometimes cloying but just as often chilling (*Newborn Light*, Columbia). Among the men there's Milton Nascimento, whose occasional words are in Portuguese and whose melodies reach the height of *bossa nova* sophistication. (Wayne Shorter's *Native Dancer*, Columbia)

And there are a few of the new stars, minus some of the most obvious successes (Stanley Clarke, Grover Washington, Jr., Billy Cobham), some veterans who have recently indicated new strengths (Woody Shaw, Buster Williams, Stanley Cowell, Bob Moses), and a few musicians whom I simply have not heard enough of, though what I have heard has been quite tantalizing (Alex Foster, David Friedman, Kenny Wheeler). Might we also find room for Michael Gibbs, Jon Faddis, Bill Watrous, George Mraz, Horacee Arnold, Dave Holland, Oscar Brashear, David Sanborn, Norman Connors, Billy Hart, Jothan Callins, Eric Gravatt . . . ? In any event, there is a host of less familiar names making good music under the general label of jazz, and all share the promise of getting better as time passes.

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DAVIS

Continued from page 6

think he does have impact, is relevant, he is musical, he's a damn good singer if he wants to get into straight rock and rhythm & blues, so that I didn't worry about where he'd get another "Bottle" from. He's an original artist, and I try to sign original artists. There are other artists who need a continuity of Top 40 success. Mentally you switch, as soon as you see an entertainer or recording artist. You say, "Where is the potential appeal there? Are they dependent on hits?" Patti's not dependent on hits. Patti is appealing to the urban, bright person, and there are a lot of them around in the country. I think she'll also spill over into the non-music-buying audiences as well as working class people who can empathize — she has an enormous feel for the street and the common person, and I think that communicates itself. So you don't have to be an intellectual to dig where she's coming from. Spark, sexuality, charisma that she's throwing off. If you ask me whether Patti Smith will have a large audience, I do believe yes. I don't think she's going to have a small cult.

BP: Arista has, with the exception of the Bay City Rollers, what might be called an adult rock roster — Terry Garthwaite, Joel Zoss, Patti Smith, the Jazz series.

CD: There's no intended format. I'd be steering you wrong if I said there was. I sign artists as I find them, with no rhyme or reason, with no intended concept or angle. Concept labels — initially limiting and then eventually hypocritical. Even Elektra-Asylum, with their cultivated image, signed Tony Orlando and Dawn, because they thought they'd be commercially viable. I've sort of written about that in this new book I've written. It's just self-defeating. So therefore when I first started it was a question of where the gaps were artistically and what trend you might see. Now I worked with Columbia on probably three trends which I, as an executive, spotted.

The first one was rock after Monterey, electrified rock with Janis Joplin and Santana and Chicago, the Winter Brothers. And that continued.

The second one was noticing the potential album-buying audience for black R&B, which had traditionally been a singles-oriented business, dominated by Motown and Atlantic. I observed the growing middle-class, the black movies that were coming out, that appealed to blacks and whites alike, such as *Shaft*. This was all part of a feeling, because I *feel* music quite a bit, but sometimes you try to use logic too to see where and what's happening. I saw that there was a growing element of white youth that related to R&B and black artists, buying the Supremes and the Temptations. So I said, "Now's the time." You try and look where you can go, and so I made a series of deals quietly, not trying to disclose a trend — when I signed Joplin I didn't release a rock album for nine months. During that time I signed Blood, Sweat and Tears, the Chambers Brothers, Spirit and Laura Nyro, all at the same time. Because competition has a way of watching and doing the same. But in that case I signed Gamble and Huff and worked with them on the O'Jays and Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes. And I signed the Isley Brothers and Earth, Wind and Fire.

The third trend was progressive music — after working with Miles Davis and seeing what he was doing and encouraging him. He started breaking with *Bitches Brew*. And then working with McLaughlin, giving him Billy Cobham from Dreams, which was a group I had, and giving him Jerry Goodman out of the Flock, which was a group I had, and he brought in Rick Laird and Jan Hammer and formed the Mahavishnu Orchestra. And that encouraged me to work with Weather Report — Zawinul and Shorter and Miroslav Vitous — and then expand and combine the white and black R&B and progressive. That is what attracted

Continued on page 36

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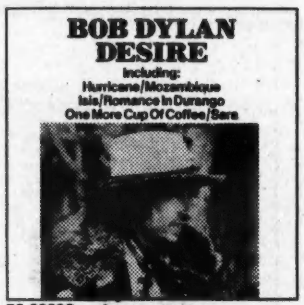

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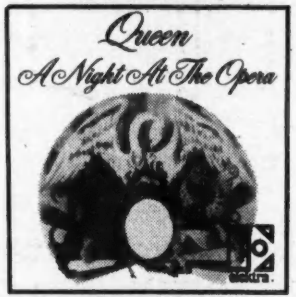

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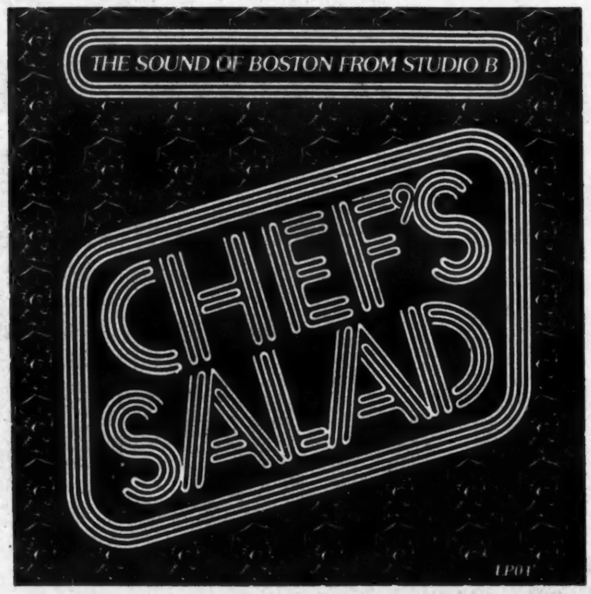

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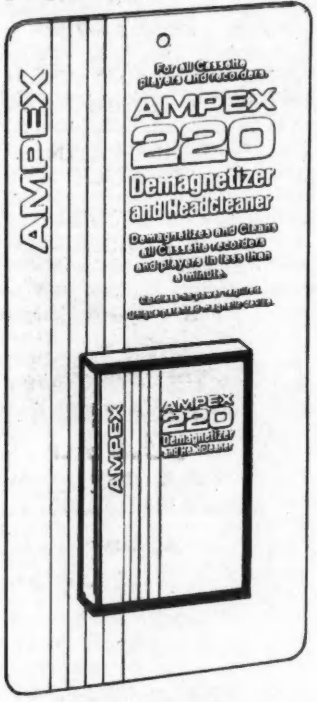
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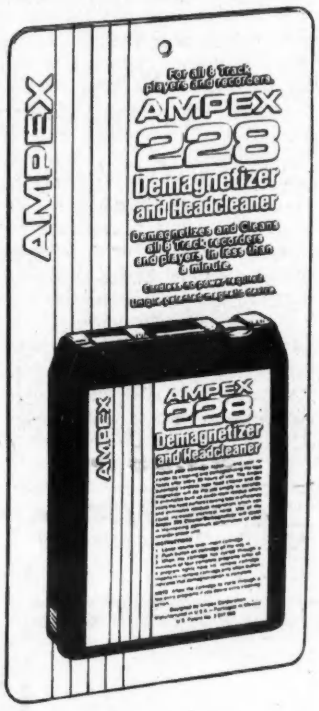
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DAVIS

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me to Earth, Wind and Fire and to Herbie Hancock. They were blending both areas. Then I signed what I thought would be the most successful white progressive group, Pink Floyd. I signed them before *Other Side Of The Moon* broke. Capitol lost them. So that when I came here, I continued that with — for instance — the Brecker Brothers. I felt that progressive music would be continuing as a direction of music, or as part of the direction. So I brought in Steve Backer. It was really Steve who urged me to take on the Freedom line, which was not commercially important, but I thought it was musically important.

BP: Is it a liability?

CD: No. We don't pay for those records. They're recorded in Europe; they've either been released in Europe many years ago or there are records we release because we think it's important that they become available.

BP: So you lease them, not buy them?

CD: That's correct.

BP: So there's just the cost of the release and the promotion?

CD: That's right. Those artists we do pay for are like Anthony Braxton. So that's one direction we're moving in.

BP: Since you have a smaller company, there's a greater risk if a new artist fails. Were you more selective in your signings in view of this?

CD: No. I never signed artists at Columbia on the theory that you throw it against the wall and what sticks, sticks. I really believe — I mean there were times at Columbia where artists would be signed that I never even saw. Because for a while I was operating under the theory that if you hire A&R men you've got to give them some rope. And there were a lot of artists that were signed there that I allowed to build up their own track record. It was A&R-dominated until the president became head of A&R. After Monterey I think I did that. There are other examples — Ahmet [Ertegun, chairman of Atlantic Records] and Jerry [Wexler, a roving producer for Warners-Electra-Asylum] were certainly responsible for A&R at Atlantic, Geffen at Asylum, Joe [Smith, president of Elektra-Asylum] and Mo [Ostin, chairman of Warner Bros.] at Warners. There are maybe five or six of us who were presidents who made these decisions. So A&R men became either producers or talent scouts, but they certainly were not signers. Here I do see artists — every artist who's signed must have my approval, I would have put that into effect at Columbia before I left, because it became expensive to allow people to sign their pet artists.

Our success was such, at the very beginning, that the first record we released was "Mandy," and I did take on the Tony Orlando and Dawn catalogue.

BP: Did they come with Bell?

CD: Their catalogue came out of Bell. When I took Melissa and Barry and the Bay City Rollers I certainly got the rights to the Tony Orlando and Dawn catalogue, and that's proven to be very worthwhile: Barry's first record hit, Melissa's first album hit. I could have gone after nearly any artist if I'd wanted to. There were a lot of offers, and I wanted to make sure we were funded, because I do know most of the important artists of the world, and I had to be equipped to bid with them. With Columbia Pictures, I had the right to draw upon $10,000,000 if I wanted to. So I have ample financing if I want to draw on it. It just turned out that I could have started the company on a shoestring, because we have generated everything internally. Even Savoy we bought out of self-generated earnings.

BP: Was that just from the fortuitous first couple of hits?

CD: Well, look, after a year we're the seventh-largest record company. We broke more new artists in 1975 than practically the rest of the industry combined. For an industry that's supposed to be dominated by three companies, just for a new company to come in and be spotting new talent — it's very exciting and it's unprecedented. A&M did it 12 years ago, but really with one artist, Herb Alpert. Here it's coming with ten different artists. Melissa and Eric Carmen combine AM and FM, Barry Manilow gets some FM play — but he sold, in 1975, 1,600,000 albums and four million singles.

BP: Did you try to create a catalogue that had AM-FM balance?

CD: No. My own track record was, to the public, very FM-oriented, because of the groups and artists that I was involved with — and I certainly didn't want to lose that credibility — so if I had only a Top 40 artists' roster, I would lose that credibility that attracts the Patti Smiths or the Outlaws or Loudon Wainwright. So I was conscious of the desirability to sign FM — as you call it — artists. But that would not motivate me to sign someone I didn't believe in in order to create that image. You've got to find the artists that you believe in, so it took me six months before I came up with the Outlaws and nine months before I came up with Patti Smith. I was auditioning lots of artists.

BP: You have a record now by David Pomerantz, who put out a couple of records for another company that were highly unsuccessful. Why did you sign him?

CD: That never fazes me. You could sometimes pass on an artist who's not ready in January and be ready to sign him the next January. You might have been right to pass at the time but the artist may have developed a year later. Like Loudon Wainwright for example. I just love Loudon Wainwright. I don't care about his past records.

BP: Artists like Wainwright and Terry Garthwaite seem to me cult artists, solid cult artists, but no more. Were you willing to sign a number of these artists for purposes of credibility?

CD: Well, no, I think it goes beyond that. It's not a matter of desiring credibility. It can become so wildly overweighted that I would lose that credibility, but I don't think I've got to strive for it because it was there. I would have worried about losing credibility if the label, after years, had never come up with anybody who was FM or progressive or adult or intellectual. But I'm not so conscious of it that I sign artists to get the image. There are artists — Patti Smith will have a large following. Terry Garthwaite is a highly qualitative performer who, if everything else is in position, should break out. Even if it breaks even, like it looks like it's going to do, I know it's a quality album. But I didn't sign her because of credibility. I'm hopeful that "Angel of Love" is going to break out as a single, and if that doesn't break out we'll release something else. She's touring all over the country — she's not making the noise of Patti Smith or Eric Carmen, but you look for certain things to occur. But she's certainly getting marvelous reviews, and I'll certainly go again with her, do another album with her. Sometimes, if you don't continue with a second album it's not because you took a pot-shot, but because the artist did not continue to develop. When you sign him, there are hints of where you think the artist can go to. But sometimes it's a case like . . . I just like Loudon. I like to have the feeling that the company I'm with can be involved with Loudon Wainwright.

Often an artist will impress me with his songs, but that's not enough. I'd say, "Listen, I really like your songs and I'll sign you. But now let's see what you've got to do. You've got to get a good manager, you've got to get booked, to get in-person performance experience, perhaps take voice lessons." Self-improvement is very much part of the game. I need that in order to break an artist.

BP: Will somebody like Patti Smith tell you there are certain things she just will not do?

CD: Not too often. Patti is willing to do anything. Not anything to sacrifice integrity, but she does not consciously limit herself to any cult, to any audience. She'll do television, she'll do Earl Wilson interviews. She just knows that she's so funky and so non-Establishment that no one is ever going to make her any different than she is. If you saw her new monologue thing, she can do a Johnny Carson thing, she can do anything. So that I don't even get into that kind of conversation with Patti Smith.

I will talk business to artists, the importance of performing, shows. I mean, choice of label and the reason one chooses a label is not so much due to whether or not RCA or Columbia can sell more records than Arista. Because today the apparatus is there for everybody. Expertise is not there in every case. When to advertise, how to advertise, choice of singles, submission of songs like "Mandy" and "I Write The Songs," producer. Observing concerts and making suggestions. Those are keys that can affect whether an artist breaks through, assuming the talent is there. Those are the contributions somebody like myself can make. An inexperienced manager or artist will gravitate towards which companies can sell more, which is crazy. What they should really think about is who can make the more astute and invaluable contribution. Because given a hit — I mean, my God, at A&M, through independent distribution, Carole King's *Tapestry* is the biggest selling American album. Off one hit single we're going to sell a million units of Barry Manilow's album.

BP: I don't seem to be hearing as much about big-money deals these days. Is there a trend away from that?

CD: Well, you do hear about it. I was sort of involved with a few of those big-money deals. But that was not my practice. It was highly unusual. I've only been involved with two or three of them, and 95 percent of the artists I sign were signed for practically nothing. Loggins and Messina, Mahavishnu, Earth, Wind and Fire, Janis Joplin. The only established artist that I signed, and I explained it in my book, was Neil Diamond, matching Warner Bros. I felt I had to replace a certain amount of volume, it was a large company. I went for it. But I wouldn't shy away from it today, I don't mean to imply that I'm not interested in established artists — every artist speaks to me. I find that a deal has got to make sense, and because we've got prestige in the entertainment world, the record world if you will, I don't have to get a major artist for the sake of having one. It's got to make sense to me. There's not an artist or any deal in the world that I can't be involved with if I feel it's a fair deal. If I feel the stakes are not realistic, I don't.

BP: It seems to me that people are more sophisticated these days. If you had a group like Poco — for whatever Poco's problems, Poco and Columbia did not sell Poco singles — you're going to look for a company that's been successful with that kind of music.

CD: Why?

BP: Well, somehow they're reaching the right markets.

CD: But I could reach the same markets. Columbia can't sell more albums than Arista, there's not a way. Because the customers are the same. They don't *reach* anybody. They sell to rack jobbers who do.

BP: Yes, but some companies are more adept at FM promotion, some better at promoting singles.

CD: You see, it takes the kind of expertise as far as advertisements and the people you hire in order to reach various markets. Yes, there is a difference between certain labels that are singles-oriented and other labels that are album-oriented.

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The Music People

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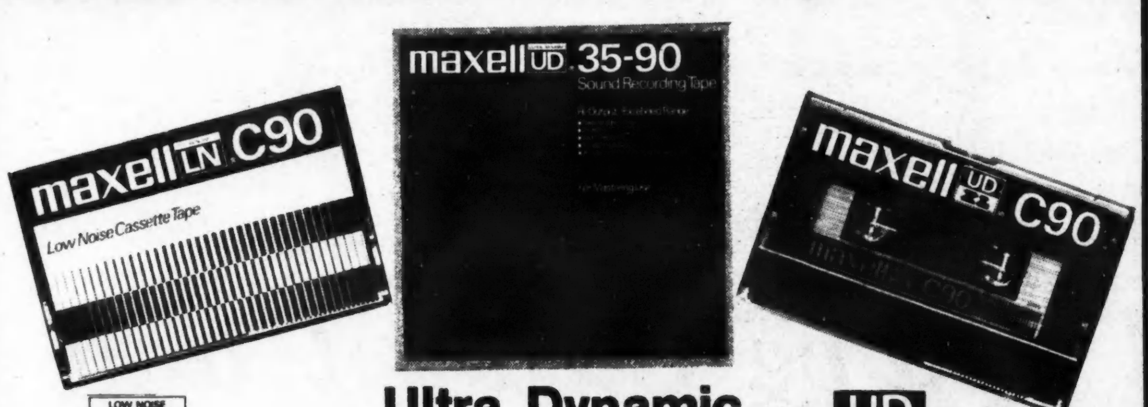

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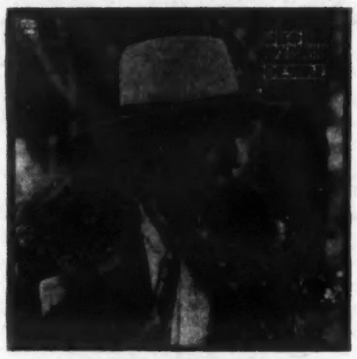

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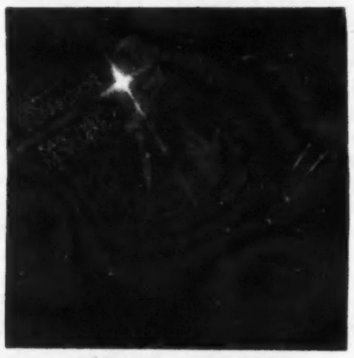

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Continued from page 36

I, frankly, have always attempted to be in both businesses. I believe that, whether it's artists who are breaking through singles, such as the big numbers — Eric Carmen's success is going to come out of "All By Myself," Barry broke out of singles, the Bay City Rollers broke out of singles. We do have artists who are going to break in that manner, and I'm very AM-conscious, I'm very song-conscous, I'm very Top-40 conscious — but I'm also very attentive to albums, that's my background, and therefore I'm working very closely with Mike Klenfner, working on covers and album designs. Working in an attempt to shore up relations with FM stations all over the country, and my own direct contact with them.

Take a brand new artist like Patti Smith. I've worked with her. There are some companies that don't focus on new artists — I don't want to knock any particular labels. So I grant you that it's not a matter of Columbia being able to sell more than Arista or Warner Brothers or Elektra in that area, but if a company is totally singles-conscious, you don't go to them with an Outlaws. You would not take a Mahavishnu Orchestra to Buddha. But in your choice between Arista as compared to Warners or Columbia, all three companies can sell the same number of records. The real extent of how long you sell, the real extent of how long you last, the nurturing of your career, will be dependent upon the personnel and their contribution to your career. That is key, because that could make a difference. Not that some companies aren't successful, but you better be able to appraise, for the future, who you'll be working with.

I tend to think that Patti Smith is far more at home here than she would have been at Mercury or RCA records. Yes, I believe there is a very significant difference among labels. I think the quantitative difference is the least significant, and these other factors are the more significant.

BP: I assume you're not very interested in producer deals, but when you had a volume situation, as with Columbia, were you ever tempted?

CD: I had the same philosophy as I have now, and that is that we hold very jealously the artist-appraisal capacity within the company, except if there really is an area of music where the expertise could be held by someone who did not work for me. And by that I mean black R&B material. I couldn't get Gamble and Huff to come on staff, and so I made a label deal with them. Originally I made a deal with Ode records and Lou Adler, before they went to A&M, because I really felt that I did not have an A&R staff on the West Coast that was as astute as he was, and he was not going to come on staff. We got Scott McKenzie — Spirit came out of that deal — and, unfortunately, Carole King would have but she was buried in a group called The City. So I've done it sparingly; I would do it. You asked me what my preference was — I don't *like* to do it. I don't like to give someone else the opportunity to furnish the artist at their discretion. There are companies that do that all the time. I've never done that before and I won't do it now.

BP: It seems the companies who do that to any great extent are having problems.

CD: I think they do.

BP: Did you look for a balanced catalogue when you began Arista?

CD: I don't look for balance, but after a while, I do it empirically from artist to artist. Every so often, someone will say, "You're heavily weighted towards so and so," and I'll look. I'm conscious of it, not as I'm doing it artist by artist, but after a while you look up and say, "What kind of a company do we have?" Not what *kind* of company we have, but how our company is made up. I'm sure that we're going to be in every area of music, not in a conscious attempt to balance, but my taste is pretty broad and I think it's going to happen that way.

BP: It seems a lot of companies, like Warners and A&M, are acquiring jazz rosters. Why did you want jazz?

CD: I like progressive music. I recognize that progressive music has a growing audience, and it's a continuation of my previously shown interest. It just made sense. Yes, Arista should be in progressive music. I like it, and it's a viable area of music and I think it's something that will continue to grow, and therefore I made a conscious decision that yes, we will have progressive music, or jazz, on Arista records. And Steve and I discussed various artists, and we purchased Savoy.

BP: But, at least with the Arista Freedom series, you've gone with *avant-garde* jazz artists.

CD: Right, and now I'm the darling of the critics, which is so stupid. It's like, you've got a little toy, you've got a little plaything, and as soon as it goes to a wider public it's no longer respectable, which is absurd. I don't worry about it, but somehow jazz criticism is controlled by the acoustic-lover and therefore they don't care about what was done in the breaking of Weather Report, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock. "It's dastardly, dastardly." I can't conceive of that. It was a legitimate movement of progressive artists. You just look at those people as sort of wacky. I know that the Anthony Braxtons and the Cecil Taylors of the world deserve to be heard; I'm not doing it for gain, and I'm not being a martyr, but I'm doing it because I think it should be done.

BP: It also positions you so that if you do sign the more commercial artists, you're fending off the critics with a solid *avant-garde* roster.

CD: It's hard to run a company thinking about what the critics' reaction would be. I know they watch what I do fairly carefully, and they're usually the first to forget when you turn out to be right, which is naturally upsetting, because to the extent that you were right . . . . My own thinking is that perhaps now it's become clearer why I signed Earth, Wind and Fire at the time. And I'm sure when I signed Herbie Hancock Joe Smith looked and said, "What the hell is he doing?" They weren't doing anything with him, and it's a question of belief in someone's future. A couple of other examples — in the case of Capitol records and the Raspberries. If you feel that there is a budding star, as in the case of Eric Carmen, you don't drop an option on a group. It didn't bother me that somehow the Raspberries did not continue with Capitol. If I believe that Eric Carmen can have a solo career — it's no sure thing — I don't worry about his former group. I think he's a fine writer-performer who can be a major star, and I signed him. I didn't even think twice. I certainly don't appraise what a critic says about my signing Eric Carmen.

BP: But interestingly enough, critics have taken to most of your signings.

CD: Well, I think that does help us. It's a fringe benefit. I think the critics are surprised I broke the Bay City Rollers. But I don't think there's any question that we do have a qualitative roster, not trying to establish ourselves in just one area of music. You do become interesting to other artists who like to feel good about other artists on the roster. There's no question that that has helped us. That only comes from experience — sometimes artists gravitate because of other artists in the company. There's no question that because I could break Blood, Sweat and Tears, Chicago would want to be there. You'd think logically that they would stay out, there is competition. But I'd never hesitate to sign Liza Minnelli if Streisand were there or Donovan if Dylan were there. But if you look at each group independently, I don't think that Dreams did not break at Columbia because Blood, Sweat and Tears were there. Even though the Brecker Brothers were with them, that music at that time was not breaking through. But sometimes the artists who don't make it, *ala* Dreams, eventually make it. So sometimes a signing proves out a few years later.

BP: Now you didn't sign the Bay City Rollers. Was it a case of "I have this band on my hands. What am I going to do with them?" Or were you sure they'd be a hit?

CD: No, I didn't know. I think it was the first point. "I have this English phenomenon. How do you do justice to it in the States?" And it was a challenge.

BP: How did you go about it?

CD: It was a matter of listening to everything they had recorded to date, putting together ten of the sides, listening to it. They're not going to break on FM play, they're not going to come in and give public performances for a while. You use television because of what's happening in England, it's so enormous. So we put the album together with some cuts from the first album, some cuts from the second album, having felt that a few of the cuts really qualified as hits. So we released the album and we released "Saturday Night" simultaneously. And we coupled that with the back-to-back appearances on the Howard Cosell show, and that's what did it.

BP: It seems sort of strange that you're appealing to an urban, older, sophisticated audience with many of your artists, and then appealing to such a different level with the Rollers.

CD: It is strange. But I don't like being categorized, so it's fun at the same time. But I don't want every artist to fit into a mold. After all, Barry Manilow and Patti Smith don't exactly fit in with each other.

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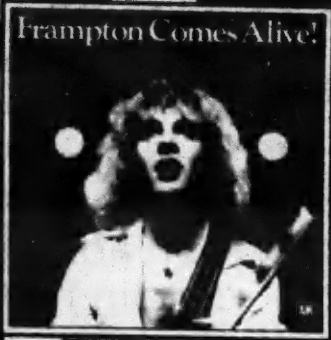
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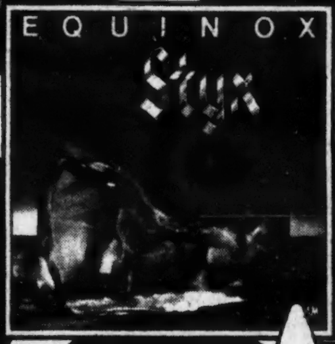
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